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Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

TO LORD KITCHENER.

Britain awaits your word; for you alone,
 Now in the time when her best sons
 have bled
 For Liberty, she trusts; you were not
 bred
 In Casuistry's Temple, and you own
 Allegiance but to God and to the
 Throne
 And to your Country. Now the
 wounded, dead,
 And maimed, whose blood for Britain
 has been shed,
 Demand the harvest that their blood
 has sown.

Widows and stricken mothers bid you
 send
 The reapers forth, still hoping your
 command
 That not in vain should come to such an
 end
 The lives they loved. O sir, lift up
 your hand
 And signal, "Now must every man de-
 fend
 (If he have strength) his home and
 native land."

Francis Coult.

The Outlook.

RESURGIT.

They said that strength had passed
 from off the earth
 With the last blazon of dead Chivalry;
 That Faith had dipped its lance to
 Revelry,
 And God been banished to the strains of
 mirth.
 I think not that the blood of them that
 die
 Lifts to the stars an empty sacrifice,
 That prayers but batter a closed Par-
 adise,
 That heaven can answer not the hearts
 that cry
 Upward for comfort: clearer now there
 ring
 The song of faith triumphant over
 death,
 The sound of praises thro' a mist of
 tears:

And not in vain they make their offer-
 ing
 Who, spent and shattered, clutch
 their dying breath;
 Behold, the Son of Manhood reap-
 pears!

D. F. G. Johnson.

The New Witness.

RECOMPENSE.

God gave a day of healing
 To the patient budding flowers
 After the rough wind's bruising,
 And the stinging showers.

He bade the sun caress them;
 "Blow softly" He charged the breeze;
 And the flowers gave fragrant incense
 In silent ecstasies.

In a riot of bloom and color,
 Painted by God's own hand,
 They danced to the breeze's piping
 A faerie saraband.

God gave a day of healing
 To the patient trustful flowers;
 After the grim grief bruising
 These broken hearts of ours.

Shall He not grant us also
 A time to grow glad again,
 His peace and His benediction,
 After the stinging rain?

C. Farmar.

Chambers's Journal.

COMMANDEERED.

Last year he drew the harvest home,
 Along the winding upland lane;
 The children twisted marigolds
 And clover flowers to deck his mane.
 Last year—he drew the harvest home.

Today—with puzzled, patient face,
 With ears adroop and weary feet,
 He marches to the sound of drums,
 And draws the gun along the street.
 Today—he draws the guns of war!

Charlotte Moberly.

GREECE AND THE ALLIES.

The main propelling forces of Balkan politics are the will and power of the three Germanophile Kings to follow the Kaiser; the growing conviction spread by a powerful press organization, with the field to itself, that the Central Empires are certain to defeat the Allies and to pulverize the neutral friends of these; and the irresistible attraction of money freely bestowed. To those influences one should add the peculiar mental mechanism of the Balkan peoples, so different in certain essentials from ours that our diplomatists and Ministers are incapable of stooping low enough to discern all its tortuous workings. The character of those nations being what it is, no discredit, we are told, attaches to the Allies' failure to sound its stops. Indeed it is to their honor that our statesmen could neither realize the baseness of the motives to which certain of their Bulgarian, Turkish, Greek, and other colleagues are impressible, nor lower themselves to perpetrate the infamies employed by the Germans among them in their successful campaign of lying, bribery, and intimidation. The statesmanship of the Entente is therefore blameless: the Balkan States—or else the fates—are answerable for what has happened, as they will also be for the sequel.

Fault has been found with our public men for lack of foresight and of the prompt intervention which foresight would have insured. They answer that it would not have stood them in better stead. And in proof of this they point to a case in which they possessed actual knowledge. It appears that as early as last April they were aware of the outspoken sympathies of Ferdinand of Coburg for the Germans and Austrians, and that tidings had reached them from the Balkans of the negotiations which

Bulgaria and Turkey, under Germany's ægis, were carrying on there. Yet that knowledge availed them but little. It did not dispel their faith in the sincerity of the Bulgars. And they still said no to Serbia, who, conscious of the imminent danger to herself and objecting to be immolated, was eager to disorganize Bulgaria's mobilization and prevent disaster. For they scrupulously eschewed everything likely to give umbrage to King Ferdinand and 'M. Radoslavoff. Their aim was to satisfy the aspirations of every Balkan State and to wrap them all in an atmosphere of contentment, brotherly love, and self-abnegation. Truly an ideal project.

Now, too, the Entente Governments possess positive knowledge. They know what a decisive part German propaganda has played in the countries of Southeastern Europe. They have seen how deep the ideas and forecasts which it scattered broadcast have sunk into the souls of the populations and they have tasted the fruits which these brought forth. No doubt is entertained in the Balkans of the ultimate triumph of the Teuton cause, nor is there any dissentient voice there as to the necessity of standing well with the victors. Of these symptoms and their significance the Allies are now aware. But that knowledge is not power. For we cannot befoul ourselves with the infamous practices to which agents like Baron Schenk have recourse. We therefore rely mainly on the force inherent in truth, justice, and humanity. Consequently our cause is being defended eloquently in words, chivalrously in acts, and well within the bounds of legitimate self-defense. If our enemies are base enough to take advantage of our inability to draw weapons from arsenals of vice and crime, we must even put up with the consequences.

The Parliamentary storms that burst in Athens this autumn revived in some Entente quarters the illusion that the political atmosphere of Greece would at last be purified and room made for public men of high purpose and moral principle, like Venizelos, who were recalled to power by the King. But it was not to be. As a shower of rain could not cleanse the stables of Augeas neither can a Parliamentary crisis purify the pestilent political soil of King Constantine's realm. Instead of harboring any such hopes, I recalled to mind the judgment I had expressed in this Review some years ago in an article which was the cause of the summons that first brought Venizelos to Athens and into Greek politics: "Whether it is possible to save the Greek nation from its own propensities," I said, "may well be doubted. But if Greece can be rescued from anarchy the miracle will be wrought not by any of the politicians at present in evidence, but by a friend of mine who is not even a Greek—Eleftherios Venizelos. Liberally endowed with the gifts of a national leader, he possesses the constant prudence of the statesman and his occasional imprudence, and if he cannot rescue the Greek nation from the quagmire of anarchy no one can." Well, he tried hard, and those who are wont to read as they run fancied he had succeeded within the brief span of four years. He unquestionably made a fine beginning, and by his brilliant achievements supplied the Greek nation with ample grounds to continue to put their trust in him. Abroad, too, everybody gave him credit for the will and the power to play the part of Moses to a self-centered, hyper-sensitive, and fickle people.

But if a child can lead a horse to the river's edge forty men cannot make him drink. A nation may be saved from its enemies, and at a pinch even from its friends, but the very gods cannot save

it from itself. Greece may well be an instance of this. She puts her ease, profit, and prosperity above strenuous effort and painful self-denial. She is deaf to the voice of duty. And let it not be urged that "the heart of the Greek or the Bulgarian people is in the right place and that it is only their rulers who have gone astray." Between leader and led one cannot make any such distinction. Each Balkan King claims to represent his respective people, and if the claim were unfounded the nation could and would say so, and follow up the declaration with remedial measures. In Italy a situation arose last May which in many respects was on all fours with that of Greece, Bulgaria, Roumania. The man who wielded dictatorial powers there, kneading the Parliament, pulling the wires of the Administration, and hoodwinking the people, was minded to steer clear of war, to propitiate the German god of frightfulness, and to flourish in the shade of his altar. And he had laid his plans so well that there was seemingly no issue from the slough of despond into which he had drawn the country. Both Chambers of the Legislature were at Signor Giolitti's beck and call; the industrial community seconded his efforts with money and influence; financiers and bankers were fiery apostles of his gospel of non-intervention, and a large section of the press supported him by dint of facts and fancies. But the whole nation rose up angrily and imposed its will on the Legislature, whereupon the frightened lawgivers either slunk away in fear or abjured their heresies penitently.

A like turn might have been given to the crisis that preceded the decisions of the Balkan States, had there been any real disagreement between the rulers and their peoples. But as there was none, no such consummation could be looked for. The reasons are not far to seek. The Greeks are not a warlike

race, neither are they the stuff of which martyrs are fashioned. A people of struggling traders, they have a keen eye for a bargain and an ingrained repugnance to war. Peace is the element in which they flourish: warfare that in which they perish. Such is the lesson taught by history and not refuted by the last campaign, to which they turn when in search of a groundwork on which to base the legend of their military prowess.

In truth they entered upon the Balkan campaign with heavy hearts, expecting to be badly beaten. And this anticipation was shared by every General Staff in Europe, more especially by those of Vienna and Berlin. But the unexpected took place and startled the world. Far from sustaining defeat, they emerged victorious from the fray, and garnered in more valuable spoils than their allies. To enter into the causes of this marvel would carry us too far.* But it is safe to say that the continuous, elaborate, and comprehensive preparations made by Venizelos, who reorganized the army, was one of the main factors of the Greek success. Their triumph filled the people with a consciousness of their widely diffused glory and with childlike enthusiasm for the indomitable captain who had led them from victory to victory and established the claim of the Hellenes to the succession of Byzance. The nation's passionate sympathy was forthwith concentrated upon the figure of the royal warrior Constantine, now manifestly predestined by a truly inscrutable providence

*German friends of the Greek people have launched a version of the capture of Salonika, which is known in Athens, and will one day, I hope, be satisfactorily refuted. When it became clear that the Turks could no longer defend Salonika, and that Bulgarian reinforcements were on the way to capture it, the Germans conceived a brilliant idea. If our friends the Turks, they mused, cannot defend their second capital by defeating the Allies they can at least so surrender it as to disintegrate the hostile alliance. Accordingly, they advised the defenders to hand over the city to the Greeks before the Bulgars could arrive. The Turks obeyed, and the seed of the hatred between the two Christian peoples was duly sown.

to realize the dreams of the chosen people. The name of the chosen people at these cross-roads of the world's history differs in each country. In this way the dormant military tendency of centuries was revealed during an ordeal of blood and fire and ruthlessness.

The reputed sins of the Hellenic warlord were forthwith forgotten. The grotesque elements in the first war against the Turks when the present Minister, M. Rhallis, was telegraphing bitter truths to Constantine, then Heir-Apparent, and insisting on his recall, were gradually softened into a pathetic form of beauty. They were etherealized by the charm of distance and growing affection. The feelings which then stirred the Greek military chiefs and the people to passionate anger and urged them to expel Constantine from the army and drive him forth an exile into foreign lands—although hardly five years have rolled by since then—no longer bear down upon the conscience of either ruler or ruled with their former painful weight. Indeed here one may say that past weakness is present strength. But the capacity for sudden and seemingly motiveless change of temper, of judgment, of decision, which those and other episodes reveal, should have made it clear, at any rate to statesmen and diplomatists, that the Balkan peoples and the Greeks in particular, are not as their Western contemporaries, and must be measured by a different standard. King Constantine seemingly has sized up his subjects aright.

There is something so touching, so unsophisticated, so childlike, in this apotheosis of a reputed military genius by a humdrum mercantile people which exalts itself in worshipping him, that it would be ungenerous to analyze it too closely. But it is well to realize the origins of the harmony which now undoubtedly exists between the King and the bulk of his subjects. One of them is the widespread belief that Constantine

is the Greek Messiah, and his military feats are the foretokens of a higher greatness in store for the Hellenic race now that the foundations of the political world are being renewed. And compared with the genius of the Lord's anointed the talent of the Cretan interloper is as a drop to the ocean.

Greek imagination even in these days of hard reality is positively mythopæic. Not content with the sober majesties of well-ordered life and the modest efforts of every-day people, it weaves fanciful legends round the names of living men, and surrenders itself unconditionally to the enjoyable excitement of unrestrained fancy. Herein lies the clue to that enthusiastic hero-worship which has chosen King Constantine as its idol, made a holocaust of national interests and aspirations, and proved more cogently than anything else how little possessed the Greeks are of the tendencies of their age. In sober truth Constantine presents a type of character which is remote from the heroic. A simpliciist of narrow personality and changing moods, he is capable of a degree of stubbornness which some courtiers might mistake for will power. His will, lighted by a modest intelligence which perceives extremes but blinks what lies between, is swayed by instincts the reverse of altruistic. The tenderness of his domestic affections is proverbial, and displays itself far beyond the precincts of the palace. Thus political considerations impelled the King to prepare to visit Salonika in November and private reasons decided him to forego the intention. When a monarch is absolute it is often impossible to find the line of cleavage between personal motives and reasons of State. The persistent resolve and feminine ingenuity with which the ground under the unoffending Premier Zaimis was mined until he was blown into outer darkness is a case in point. Characteristic of King Con-

stantine is the circumstance that his impressibility to these subtle influences is conditioned by physical presence. Action at a distance is excluded. Hence the care bestowed on his comings in and goings out in times of political crisis. To judicious flattery Kings are almost always susceptible, and Constantine XII is especially sensible to appreciation of his military talents. This trait will seem natural enough when we remember the discredit that attached to him during the first Turkish war, and the ignominious way in which he was expelled from the army a few years ago. Happily he rules over a forgetful people who are yearning for a hero to be proud of. And they glory in him. "Let us not forget," writes one of the organs of public opinion in the country; "let us not forget that Constantine XII is the first strategist on earth. Many a time has he scanned and criticised the battles fought by Russian and German generals. Nay, the plans of the Kaiser himself have been subjected to a severe scrutiny by Constantine XII and numerous faults brought to light in them with an acumen worthy of admiration. When the English and French General Staffs decided to force the Dardanelles Constantine XII exclaimed: 'Halt!' But Constantine XII was not listened to. And yet it was he and only he who could have conducted the undertaking to a successful issue. Indeed we have no hesitation in declaring that in order to force the Dardanelles it would be necessary to place supreme command in the hands of His Majesty Constantine XII."

Napoleon and Cæsar have at last received a successor, and he, by a freak of Fate, was born to the least warlike people on the face of the globe. It is this great military captain who is now the personification of Greece and whose will is law in the foreign as in home

affairs of his people. As his likes and dislikes may affect the outcome of our struggle with Germany in the Balkans, it is desirable that his character should be widely understood and the value of his promises rightly assessed. His deepest sympathies are possessed by the Kaiser, to whom he looks up as to a demi-god with reverential awe. By him he is drawn out of his natural path, much as the ocean is by the moon. His most cherished hopes and fears were inspired by Wilhelm the war lord, who bestowed happiness upon him, together with the rank of Field-Marshal in the Prussian army. Constantine is now Field-Marshal of that great army and also King of Greece. And he has come to see most things eye to eye with the Kaiser. Thus he looks without shrinking, nay with frank approbation, which is of a piece with a certain military hardness in his temperament, upon the atrocities which Germany has associated with her name. They are classed as military necessities which know no law. For he can think no evil of the Teuton war lord, whose connection he has become by marriage. Some of his subjects are wont to say that his Consort, the Kaiser's sister, is the absolute monarch who governs, and Constantine the Constitutional King who reigns.

The strong Teuton leanings of the King condemn him to an attitude of contempt rather than of downright hostility towards France and the Entente. German organization, military discipline, and moral lawlessness impress his mind powerfully, supply him with the main elements of his emotion, and invite his imitative instincts. And the work thus begun in Potsdam has been ably continued in Athens and Tatoi by the domestic influences paramount there. The pressure of those two forces, which might have broken the mainspring of a mind stronger than Constantine's, accounts for the oc-

casional fitfulness and strangeness in his behavior during a crisis which calls for quick resolve and steady perseverance. The one steady element in the King's character—one which may be said to resemble a mania—is fiery enthusiasm for German militarism. Once in a while expediency may compel him to do or say something out of keeping with this cult, but as soon as the pressure has abated, he comes back with a bound to the orbit of his predilection.

At present the Triple Entente is being urged by King Constantine's newest Ministers to accept and build upon their assurances that Greece's neutrality is and will continue to be actuated by benevolence towards them. It is well to weigh against those assurances the circumstance that Greece is represented not by Ministers or Cabinets, but only by the King, and that the woof and warp of his mind are worship of the Moloch of War and obedience to his prophet, Wilhelm. Who, one may ask, is M. Skooloodis, who is M. Zaimis, that their words should be accounted of greater weight than the will of the King? Are they more than Venizelos was? Surely not. For apart from the differentiating personal characteristics they do not represent the Chamber or the nation, but only a transient mood of a monarch in straits. To trust the fortunes of the Allies, therefore, to the assurances of those caliphs of an hour is to imitate the shipwrecked mariners who mistook a sleeping whale for an islet and began to make themselves comfortable there until the animal awoke and shook them off. When semi-official press organs cheerfully announce that the Skooloodis Cabinet has made it quite clear that they are inspired in their attitude towards the belligerents by friendly feelings towards the Entente, it is well to call to mind the two decisive facts that, however transparent their sincerity, they lack the power to realize

their will, and that the only will reinforced by power is enlisted in the service of the Kaiser.

Prudence of a rudimentary sort would enjoin on us the duty of going still further and reluctantly putting in quarantine any promises, even though they had received the sanction of the real ruler of Greece. For we have already had such, and they were repudiated with the same light-heartedness that was displayed when the written, signed and sealed treaty with Serbia was disavowed. For, like all Germany's allies, Greece has failed to honor her bonds, and she is now held by the nations that have dealings with her to be bankrupt in honor and devoid of credit. She is perhaps still capable of being swayed in the direction of duty, but less by motives that appeal to the ethical side than by sheer dread of immediate military, political, and economic consequences.

The military revolution of 1909 soured Constantine's nature chronically. His name was struck off the role of officers and his presence in the country rendered undesirable. I was asked at the time to lend my aid in various specified and somewhat peculiar ways to his friends and those of the King to have him reinstated. And this is what one of his enthusiastic and influential partisans, General —, said to me: "Constantine is furious. This military league has borne in upon him two master truths which every monarch should take to heart, that the democracy is a corrosive force when not kept in the service of the ruler, and that nothing really matters but the army. Keep a tight grip on that and everything else will be superadded. If Constantine should come to the throne as we still hope and believe, his policy will consist in the application of those two axioms to home and foreign politics. He will keep a firm grasp of the army, and with that to back him he can af-

ford to play at constitutionalism with counters."

After his return from exile Constantine was one day invited to attend the criticisms to be passed on the manœuvres of the Greek army which was then in process of reorganization. It was then being handled by the French General Eydoux, who thought it would be a considerate act on his part to give the discredited heir an opportunity of living down his disgrace and forming new ties with the troops. He went further and requested the Prince to say a few words to the officers. Constantine eagerly seized the opportunity and made a singular use of it. His words were few but stirring, to judge by the faces of the Greek officers who alone understood them. They were Greek to the French officers. Subsequently General Eydoux was informed that in that speech the Prince had appealed to the patriotic instinct of his countrymen by telling them that neither officers nor soldiers owed aught to the French Mission, seeing that under their French instructors they had learned nothing new and had made no headway. What they were they had been, brave and resourceful.

Wind of the incident was carried to Venizelos, whose pain was greater than his surprise. As King George happened just then to be absent in France on personal business of an intimate character, the Premier induced the Prince to make immediate amends for his inconsiderate behavior. Constantine accordingly entertained to an expiatory dinner the members of the Cabinet, the foreign military attaches, and the French officers. At the end of the banquet he proposed a toast to the French army, and expressed his thanks and the gratitude of the Greek people to the French Mission for their services to the nation. Although it was stated at the time that the Prince went through this expiatory ceremony

without any token of reluctance or moral discomfort, it can hardly be supposed that he can forgive or forget the continual browbeating to which he has been subjected through most of his career by a succession of "plebeian Ministers" from M. Rhallis, who demanded his recall during the first Turkish campaign, down to the men who had him expelled from the officers' corps and to Venizelos, who obliged him thus to eat his own words in the presence of the officers' corps.

Some years passed and the Balkan storm-cloud burst. Greece came forth from the ordeal, if not rejuvenated, like the ram that Medea changed into a lamb, at least strengthened and enriched in the land and hopes. And the poor Prince, who had for years been bullied and snubbed and humbled by Tom, Dick, and Harry, was suddenly transformed into the "greatest military strategist on the globe." He contented himself with the appellation "destroyer of the Bulgars." Yielding to family influences, he hastened to Berlin, there to give the lie direct to the assurance which Venizelos had extorted from him at the banquet to the French officers, and to tell the Kaiser in the hearing of the whole world that it was to Germany that he and his triumphant army owed their military skill and brilliant triumphs. There was no word of thanks for France, no remembrance of the services rendered by General Eydoux and his fellow-workers. For Constantine was now himself again, and he spoke as he felt with the blunt directness of the untutored soldier.

But although he already wore the crown and had a fairly tight grasp of the army—the real source of monarchic power—he was not yet quite free from international trammels. The French nation was offended, and if France was decadent and powerless in the eyes of the world's greatest captain,

she was still the banker of the world. And Greece's coffers would soon need replenishing. Consequently King Constantine's second slip needed expiation like the first. Venizelos, the wise Ulysses, again came forward therefore to make good his master's forwardness. As soon as he reached Paris the Premier did his utmost to atone for the offense and obtain forgiveness. As the French, like ourselves, have short memories, great forbearance and a vast fund of optimism and easy-going confidence, they granted Venizelos's prayer, and lent a ready ear to his assurances of Greece's friendship. They also took it for proven over and above that the Chief of the Cabinet represented Greece.

Meanwhile King Constantine lay low and explained to the Prussian war lord the dire necessity that compelled him to humor the "French children." "As your immortal ancestor was wont to say," he is reported to have added, "my subjects may talk more or less as they like, provided that their master does as he likes." And those words describe with accuracy the reciprocal relations between the Warrior-King and his people. For by this time he had laid hold of the army and could snap his fingers at the Chambers and Cabinets. He exercised that power to the full in March, 1915, when he summarily dismissed the statesman to whom, according to his own admission, Greece owed all her successes during the preceding four years. This dismissal took place under unwonted circumstances, which threw a lurid light on the growing spiritual numbness of the Greek people. Constantine had empowered his Minister to treat with the Entente, and then, when the moment came to fulfill the stipulations agreed to, he vetoed the realization of the covenant, and even denied that he had ever assented to the action of his Premier. Venizelos solemnly and emphatically asserted

that he had had the King's authorization, and nobody could for a moment assume that he or any responsible statesman would begin, conduct, or conclude negotiations on such a momentous matter without the express approval of his sovereign. King Constantine traversed the allegation, and the world believed the version it felt must be true. An outspoken Germanophile, a man of narrow calibre, named Gounaris, was raised to the place of the statesman in disgrace.

Venizelos, utterly upset by this conduct, at first thought of abandoning public life. But taking into consideration the personage who had offended him and the slight effect of the words that ought to have proved lethal, reconsidered his decision. Courtiers, narrating episodes that had occurred within the palace walls during the crisis, repeated scraps of conversation which revealed the stimulating agents by whom the King's action was swayed. On one occasion Constantine is said to have answered some gloomy forecast on the impression which Venizelos's dismissal would produce on the nation by comparing it with that of Bismarck by Wilhelm. "And Venizelos has not done one-tenth as much for Greece as Bismarck did for Germany." "Because he was not hindered by the mischievous muddling of a busybody," retorted a Venizelist in a subdued aside.

In the inner apartments of the palace the Kaiser's relations cordially dislike the "boorish Cretan," who had committed the inexpiable sin against the royal family of humiliating Prince George several years before. Special means were adopted there to ensure the defeat of his party at the general elections. But at the ballot-box the King, even with the army at his back, missed success. Venizelos was returned at the head of a triumphant majority. Illness had meanwhile over-

taken Constantine XII and enabled him to stave off the day on which he must recall the obnoxious statesman. Days, weeks and months passed slowly by, during which the palace favorite, Gounaris, was maintained in office because the monarch was too ill to govern. Simple-minded people protested in the name of the Constitution. At last the monarch had to swallow the pill, and Venizelos was again Prime Minister. Once more the Entente Powers brightened up and hoped vast things. One and all they grew confident, and prophesied the dawn of a day of victory for their statesmanship in the Balkans.

They did not yet know, or refused to believe, that Greece was an autocracy and Constantine XII the trusty henchman of the Kaiser. But they were soon to learn the truth. Having dissuaded Serbia from taking effective measures to save herself from a catastrophe at the hands of Bulgaria and bidden her put her trust in Greece, the Allies suddenly woke up to find their chivalrous Greece had vanished, and the Greece of the Kaiser, Queen Sofia, and Baron Schenk was grinning at them in its place. This is what had happened. Venizelos had insisted that Greece should discharge her treaty duties to Serbia which she herself had undertaken to fulfill. Bulgaria was now on the point of turning the army which the Entente had considerably enabled her to mobilize, against the ill-starred nation of the Serbs. And that was the emergency provided for by the Greco-Serbian treaty. Now at last whatever there was of truth and honor and moral sense in the Greek nation would assume a concrete form and embody itself in military succor. Venizelos unfolded this necessity to the Chamber. A large majority of Deputies concurred in his view and voted for his proposal. Entente statesmen were sanguine.

But the world's greatest strategist, who now felt that he had the army at his back, cried: "No." And Venizelos, together with his colleagues and the majority of Deputies, shriveled up in his presence. Constantine XII had by this time succeeded in grafting Hohenzollernism on to Greece. Wilhelm's brother-in-law had fashioned his little realm into a miniature *Kaiserthum*, with militarism as its groundwork and Teutondom as its spiritual—or say rather military—fatherland. A doleful cry went up from the people of the Entente, a dirge was plaintively intoned, accompanied with an undertone of angry howls. Then Constantine recollected that Venizelos had done more than pledge his word that Greece would accomplish her duty: he had also solicited pecuniary help from the Allies, without which she could no longer pay her way—for the mobilization was a heavy burden. And now the "decadent" bankers were embittered against the Hellenes, to whom they were applying uncomplimentary epithets, and they might refuse to advance the forty million francs which were so sorely needed. The King, by way of placating them and reviving their hopes, presented to the statesman in disgrace his own manly lineaments artistically reproduced, and accompanied the royal gift with friendly phrases. A tacit agreement was thereupon come to by which the new Cabinet would not be overthrown by Venizelos so long as it kept within reasonable bounds, and the Allies continued to hope.

An unforeseen mishap overturned the arrangement. A Venizelist Deputy opposing a Bill advocated by the War Minister used an expression which that gentleman deemed unparliamentary and offensive. Rising up he left the Chamber, uttering a remark derogatory to that body as he went. A scene of confusion ensued. The Minister's words were resented and all the

more fiercely that he was not a member of Parliament elected by the people, but simply a nominee of the Crown. The Deputy who had caused the uproar complied with his chief's injunction and withdrew the phrase which had given offense, but the War Minister refused to utter anything in the nature of an apology, and his colleagues approved his obstinacy. And Constantine XII applauded the Cabinet. A vote of confidence was demanded by the Government and refused by the Chamber, whereupon the Ministry resigned.

Then the King from behind the veil, now growing thinner and thinner, vindicated the cause of his nominee and his own in characteristic fashion. He consulted a number of public men on the crisis, but among them was neither Venizelos, who represented the Parliamentary majority, nor any member of his party. That exclusion was a manifestation of the personal feelings which even in the interests of his own policy it were better to subordinate to political exigencies without the help of pressure from without. He first bestowed on the gruff War Minister, whose Teutonic manners had stung the Legislature to protest, a signal token of his esteem and approval. Then he appointed a venerable old patriarch of eighty to the Premiership, thereby underlining the fact that Cabinets no longer mean anything in Greece, where the King rules as well as reigns, against or with the people. Lastly, he turned a deaf ear to the diffident requests that he should leave the offending War Minister outside the Cabinet and demonstratively gave him the same portfolio as before. Not satisfied with this complete settlement of personal accounts, a further trait of almost feminine spite was superadded. Venizelos has for years had a bitter, unrelenting enemy, a fellow Cretan, now an ailing old man to whom Time the destroyer

has left little but relentless hate. Mikelidzakis was offered the post of Minister of Public Instruction just to exasperate the Cretan statesman. He declined unhesitatingly on the plea of physical inability. But as this touch of wormwood was deemed indispensable, the offer was pressed on him so insistently and so seductively that he finally gave way, and is now a member of the Cabinet of the Ancients.

In that way Constantine XII displayed a remarkable degree of wilfulness which bears the same relation to moral courage as obstinacy bears to strength of will. He flung a challenge not merely to Venizelos but to the democracy, the nation at large. And the nation, with some noteworthy exceptions, has declined to take it up. Rumor is now rife that an anti-dynastic movement is slowly gathering strength, and may take Europe unawares some day by confronting it with an accomplished fact. The statement sounds unlikely. As yet I see no tokens of any such canalized currents. Individually there are men who feel and think and speak on the subject in terms which would certainly surprise and possibly perturb Europe's greatest military captain. But there is no organized party of Republicans, or enemies of the dynasty. And as for the nation it may readily sink into anarchy, but there are no signs that it is capable of rising to revolution.

And now the question is become not merely actual but momentous—what are the Allies to expect from Greece? All answer that her future conduct will depend upon the order of motives to which she—or whoever speaks in her name—is most impressible. Many hold that a paralyzing fear of Germany has been the mainspring of her tergiversations down to the present moment and may occasion us further unpleasant surprises in the future.

Others hold that the evil is more

deep-rooted than is implied by that theory. Greece, Bulgaria, and Germany are acting in accordance with a convention which fixes duties, rights, limits to the services demanded, and insures rewards to those who have rendered them. And what has been hitherto accomplished by Greece is, they allege, merely a beginning. She will round on the Allies as soon as opportunity serves. That is why a large contingent of Greek troops is being concentrated at Salonika. According to the covenant between the two reconciled enemies, Bulgaria has relinquished her designs on Monastir. That city and district will fall to Greece, who will also be allowed to retain Cavalla and Salonika in return for playing up to the Kaiser's hand. In doing this she will be spared the necessity of actually attacking the Allies. If she be compelled later to disarm them and the Serbs on her territory—she cannot be blamed for yielding to *force majeure*, especially after having demonstrated her spontaneous benevolence.

I am unable to accept the story of a Greco-Bulgarian accord. The insuperable barrier to any such arrangement are the predominant and durable feelings with which the two peoples look upon each other. The Greeks loathe and fear the Bulgars, and these in turn despise the Greeks. Between them a permanent reconciliation under present conditions is out of the question. But in an understanding between the two brothers-in-law about the reciprocal relations of Bulgars and Greeks during the present war and for a given period afterwards there is nothing incongruous or difficult. And in fact it has been concluded, and constitutes the rule of conduct which Constantine is pursuing.

While the Greek Government is under no treaty obligation to the Central Empires, King Constantine is bound to the Kaiser by a solemn prom-

ise to maintain neutrality towards Germany and all her Allies in return for compensations guaranteed by the Kaiser's word. Before assuming this obligation the King had refused resolutely to take an active part in the war on the Teuton side, which was the first request, guardedly preferred.

Among the compensations promised by the Kaiser to Greece are the Island of Cyprus and all that the most Imperialistic Greeks aspired to in Albania. Between Bulgaria and the Greek Cabinet no stipulations have to my knowledge been concluded. Nor do I believe them probable. The Kaiser guaranteed on the word of a Hohenzollern that Bulgaria's behavior toward Greece during the war and afterwards would be inspired by considerations of amity, and that her nationalist tendencies would be circumscribed by regard for Germany's conciliatory counsels. During the campaign Bulgaria and Greece would conduct themselves towards each other as friends, and after the conclusion of peace they would square accounts and regulate their territorial boundaries under Germany's friendly guidance. Greece, Germany, Bulgaria, and Roumania, the Kaiser argued, are natural friends and allies among themselves, inasmuch as none of them, not even the Bulgars, are Slavs.

One characteristic detail is perhaps worth noting. The Kaiser laid a certain degree of stress upon the interests which it behooves all real monarchs to uphold, and which, in his view, are imperiled by the oceanic tide of Anarchist democracy now fast rising in Western Europe and Tsardom, and ruining the groundwork of real civilization.

King Constantine pledged his word to employ every lever which Constitutional prerogative or monarchic authority and influence may place within his reach to maintain neutrality. He authorized the Kaiser to guarantee that attitude to the Kings of Bulgaria and

Roumania, so that the former, being under no apprehension of an attack by Greece, may be able to dispose freely of troops which would otherwise be kept immobilized in protecting his frontier territory. Moreover, the eventuality of a German-Bulgarian success in the Balkan Peninsula was touched upon, and also Greece's apprehension after the conclusion of the war of reprisals on the part of the Allies. Three conclusions were reached in this connection:

That Greece would not under any circumstances be called upon to undertake action of a hostile character against the Allies.

That Germany would guarantee her integrity for some years to come.

And that if occasion should call for the insertion in the peace treaty of any clause relative to the international status of Greece, it would be insisted upon by the Central Empires whatever turn the war might have taken.

To sum up. Greece is not Venizelos, nor Zaimis, nor Skooloodis, nor the Chamber, nor the nation, but a Field-Marshal of the Prussian army, the Kaiser's brother-in-law and firm believer in the final victory of the Central Empires. Constantine XII, the world's greatest living strategist, is the only factor that counts when the policy of Greece is being forecast. And we now know what to expect of him.

Simplicity is the soul of his policy which is directed from Berlin. The Greece of the Kaiser's Field-Marshal began by asking us for an army to enable her to keep her engagements. And she even claimed to exercise a voice in the constitution of that army. The help demanded was duly promised last September and the veto uttered readily respected. Having soon afterwards mobilized, Constantine took over the command, and apprised our Governments that Greece intended to evade her engagements and content

herself with armed neutrality, that attitude being indispensable to her interests as the King understood them, and the furtherance of her interests being his first care. To those supposed interests Greece accordingly sacrificed credit, duty, honor. The Serbs, her faithful allies are being massacred under her eyes by the enemy who, when her turn comes, will crush her too.

And now the Germans are making it her interest to break her word again, this time about the benevolence of her neutrality. For they are threatening to invade her soil in order to drive thence the repulsed Serbs and their Allies unless she constrain them to clear out in time. And as national interests take precedence of everything else, the warrior-king will feel bound in duty to his country to safeguard them even at the cost of disarming the Allies in the eventuality contemplated. He knows in his heart of hearts that the Allies will be crushed and their friends ground to powder like Belgium and Serbia. At all costs therefore he must enable Greece to quit that doomed band of martyrs. Already the way is being cleared. Constantine has many servants besides Baron Schenk, and several are hard at work. He can count upon Germanophile ministers, Turcophile ministers, Francophile ministers, and men of any shade that suits his temporary purpose. And while M. Skooloodis, who represents nobody in particular, is telling the Allies that they can at any rate rely upon Greece's benevolence, his colleague, M. Dragoomis, is preparing the public mind for a sudden stroke to be aimed at the Allies. On the one hand the Athens journal *Hestia*, which is usually well-informed, announces that the Berlin Foreign Office has warned the Greek ministers in Berlin that the Serbian and Allied troops driven back into Greek territory must be disarmed by the Hellenic

Government, as otherwise the Central Empires and the Bulgars would invade the country and continue the war there. Similar announcements were made by the Bulgarian and Turkish Governments. And on the other hand, the new Finance Minister M. Dragoomis, told a number of journalists that his country would find itself in dire straits if the Allies were beaten and took refuge there. Greece, he added, would be obliged by international treaties, which she is bound in honor to respect, to disarm both Serbs and Allies.

Meanwhile Entente diplomacy is working hard in its own considerate way, pointing out to Greece the direction in which her true interests lie, and emphasizing the goodwill of the Allies, who, far from using undue pressure, are eager to show her every indulgence and kindness. While M. Skooloodis is promising benevolence to the Allies, France and Britain are displaying generosity towards Greece. Thus food for Constantine's subjects is being imported into the country from Egypt and the depleted State coffers are to be replenished with British and French gold. The Athens press is delighted. The Germanophil *Kairoi* writes: "After France comes England, bringing us corn. In lieu of the blockade, the vexations, the persecutions, which we were led to expect, the benevolence of those Powers offers us money and corn. What will the Venizelists now say, they who threatened Greece with a 'blockade'?" What indeed?

But I understand that as yet only the corn has been brought to Greece. The money has not yet been paid out. Negotiations are going on respecting the guarantees that Greece is prepared to offer, and unless these are satisfactory no loan will be advanced. Whatever the upshot of the negotiations, it will not be said that we dealt ungenerously or egotistically with

any of the lesser states. Never has war been waged in a more humane spirit. Truly we are heaping coals of fire on our enemies' heads.

The Contemporary Review.

E. J. Dillon.

THE SERBIAN SOLDIER IN ACTION.

The grim and gallant peasants that have been fighting against hopeless odds in the mountains of Serbia care little now, we may suppose, about what people think of them. For Serbians, the days of propagandas and policies are over. Confronted with imminent destruction, with death for themselves and with servitude for their State, their reputation or their sympathy of distant friends, can mean little to them now. They have enough to think about in fighting and dying for Serbia, and in biting hard as they die. But we should miss one of the few benefits of the War were we to fail to give due meed to their heroism or to forbid our hearts to glow a little at the sight of so much borne and sacrificed for liberty.

The days are happily past when the Serbian nation was judged and condemned by the actions of a few of its worst men. Since Serbia became our ally, we have been able to see that the evil repute in which at one time we undoubtedly held her was unjustified. It was as unjustified as it would have been if we had persistently despised the French nation because of Ravaillac or of Mademoiselle Corday. With better knowledge has come a fairer judgment. But some who have not had much opportunity of knowing Serbia well may still feel inclined to be a little apologetic about our small ally—our small ally with the big heart. One who has been with the Serbians in their darkest hour, and who has seen their heroism in adversity, must feel the strongest obligation to do what he can to remove that apologetic feeling.

For indeed the allies of Serbia need make no mental reservations now in maintaining before the world the worth of their alliance. There need be no sense here of anything but pride. The Serbians have shown the world a devotion and self-sacrifice as pure and bright as any in history. Looking at their record in this war, their glorious ejection of the Austrian invaders last year, their stalwart refusal of offers of a comfortable but dishonorable peace, and their last implacable resistance to the forces of a triple enemy—a resistance unfaltering, though hope failed and victory seemed impossible—we can quit the judgment-seat and turn to their story as willing learners of a high lesson in courage, endurance, and the sacrifice of self to the community.

I made my first acquaintance with the Serbian Army in June, 1913, just before the second Balkan war, when I traveled through Macedonia and Northern Albania under the wing of the Serbian General Staff. Nothing could then have seemed more fantastically improbable than that I should one day be fighting in a trench side by side with my friends of a summer holiday. But the War has brought all things to pass. By a strange chance—and one which I now deem as fortunate as strange—I found myself back in Belgrade last September, serving with the British Naval Mission which had been sent to the Danube in February, under the command of Rear-Admiral Troubridge. Traveling to Semendria on the 5th of October, I arrived there twenty-four hours before the storm burst, and the German center began to force the

passage of the Danube into the Morava Valley. For the inside of a week the British party at Semendria was with the Serbian first line on the river bank. We had good opportunities then for watching the peasant-soldiery in action.

Travelers in Serbia of late years have often come away with the impression that the typical Serbian soldier is an aged and broken-down hind, clad in ragged farming clothes, armed with an obsolete martini, and his head covered with a sheepskin mop. That must have been because most travelers pass through the country by the railway, and the railway is guarded by the third Ban, the last reserve, who receive no uniform and get the worst of the weapons. The physique of the men of the first Ban (regular army) and of the second Ban (first reserve) is fine enough. Serbians are small men compared with Western Europeans, but muscular, hardy, and capable, without sacrificing efficiency, of enduring hunger, cold, heat, wet, fatigue and exposure that would put a regiment of Western Europeans *hors de combat*. During twenty-four hours, for instance, that I was with a regiment on Tsarina Hill above Semendria, the men were fed once only, at midday, and then only on bread. That was perhaps exceptional, because of the bombardment and fighting actually in progress. Ordinarily the men in the trenches get stew or soup for dinner, sent up in field kitchen-carts. But they never eat before midday, and get nothing but bread for supper. Many supplement these rations with cheese, curds, cakes and pork brought to them now and then from their farms by their wives. The women and old men will travel half-way across the country to take things to their sons or husbands in the trenches. Often, in consequence, a Serbian transport train seems like a series of picnic parties. The farmer has answered the call of mobilization with his own farm cart and oxen, and drives

it himself in the carriage of bread or ammunition for the troops. His wife has come up to him at the front with a bundle of good things for his refreshment. His sons have got leave from the village base over the hill, and have come back to take their share. The family sit on the cart by the wayside and feast while the family's valued friends, the oxen, put their heads over the pole and look on.

This domestic element in the military organization has an echo in the relations between officers and men. It is puzzling to an Englishman to see the mixture of harshness and intimacy in the way the men are disciplined and led. Out of action an officer may harry and even strike a man in a way that in our Army would lead to a court-martial. But on the field, officer and man become elder and younger brothers, and the colonel is the father of them all. The intimacy is partly democratic, partly patriarchal. Democratic is the word with which the Serbian officer explains it to a foreigner. "We are a democratic nation," he says, when a foreign officer finds the colonel sharing cold lamb on a log with his sergeant-major, or if the foreigner fails to suppress a motion of embarrassment, when an invitation to tea is extended to include his orderly. Such democratic relations are natural in the national army of a people without an aristocracy, where the private is often a man of as good an education as the officer.

The patriarchal element in military discipline and leadership is very expressive of the nature of Serbian civilization, and is a product of its good qualities. I recall a scene which illustrates it. On the third day of the fighting at Semendria I happened to be standing by the quarters of the general commanding the district. It was a shed on the down amongst the muddy maize fields, made to look like a farm building. All round stood the huts of a

regiment in camp, disguised to look like rows of the little conical haystacks so familiar on Serbian downs. An Austrian aeroplane buzzing by explained the need for concealment. Three companies of a regiment of the second Ban marched up the hill, and halted near. The general came to the door of his shed, and the first company was called up before him. He made the men an address; I could not understand much of it, but I gathered that these companies had been told off for some service of exceptional danger, and that the general was explaining to them what they had to do. He asked first whether any of them knew the country, and several men answered "Yes." He had a little discussion with them about routes and ground. Then he lectured them about holding their fire, not being upset by aeroplanes, and so on. Every now and then he would say "Razumesh?" (Do you understand?) and the men answered quietly "Razumen!" Finally he said simply, "Aite, Srbski!" (Go, Serbians!), and the little brown figures plodded away towards the river. The lecture was given to each of the three companies in turn. It was a curiously intimate proceeding, the general taking the men into his confidence, as a father might his children. An onlooker felt that here was a nation in arms that was also a family, combined with a single mind for the defense of a common treasure, equally precious to every Serbian soul.

It is that quality of simple unanimity, the friends of Serbia believe with confidence, that will bring her to final victory through all temporary defeats. Cherished by the peasants' hearths, the Serbian national cause survived four centuries of Turkish domination. It will take more than the brutalities of a German invasion or the rigors of an Austrian administration to kill so hardy a plant. We may feel a grim satisfaction at the thought of the troubles in

store for the latest oppressors of this irrepressible race.

As fighting materials, what is left of the Serbian infantry is probably as good as any in the world. Since 1912 they have fought three wars. In numbers they have been sadly diminished, but in quality they have improved out of all knowledge. When the Serbian Army came unexpectedly on the main Turkish Army on the foot-hills above Kumanovo, they were untried men, and their only military record was that of the disastrous first Bulgarian war. From then until the last invasion they fought much, and conquered always. They have inscribed on their record of honor Kumanovo, Prilip, Monastir; the defeat of the Bulgarians in the continuous six weeks' fighting of the second Balkan war; and finally the glorious recovery on the circle of hills west of Kraguievatz, when at the eleventh hour they turned upon and utterly routed the invading Austrians.

That remarkable event was another example of the unanimous and spontaneous devotion of the Serbian nation in arms. It may now be said that on that occasion the Serbian military authorities had little hope of checking the Austrian advance, and were preparing to make a further retreat. But the soldiers and the regimental officers thought otherwise. Those who were there say that a sudden wave of hatred for the invader and passionate devotion to their land seemed to sweep through the Army. "Let us drive these devils out," men said to each other, "or end it all here." In the expressive phrase, they came again, and with fury. The Austrians broke, and when broken, remembering what they had done at Shabatatz and elsewhere on their line of advance, they were seized with panic at the thought of capture, and ran like hares. In fact, however, the 50,000 prisoners taken by the Serbs were well treated.

His three wars have, in fact, so developed the fighting qualities of the Serbian soldier that there is a bite in him even when, according to all the rules, he should be done for. His capacity for endurance, his quiet courage under the most discouraging circumstances, were well illustrated at Semendria. The force engaged there was not large; the Serbian official messages have told us that it was a covering force only. It was thrust forward on to the river, almost isolated from supports. There it had to endure a forty-eight hours' bombardment from a formidable collection of the largest Austrian howitzers, from seventeen inches downwards, and a great concentration of field batteries. The Serbian batteries were outranged and outweighed, and very sensibly made no reply to the Austrian fire, preferring to conceal their positions and save themselves for the expected crossing. The Austrians occupied Semendria Island with their field batteries, and thence swept the Serbian river trenches with a hail of shrapnel at a point-blank range of 500 yards. Meanwhile the big howitzers knocked to atoms the town, all probable gun positions, and every visible building, road, and trench on the slopes above the river.

Down by the water's edge was a Serbian trench. It was a mere concealment, a thin mudbank towards the river, with a top screen of boughs, and a ditch on the landward side not more than three feet deep in the best-made parts. This was manned by men of the 2d and 3d Ban, armed with old rifles and bombs. All day and all night for the forty-eight hours of the bombardment the enemy searched this trench scientifically. They dropped small high-explosive shells all along it, and each high-explosive shell was followed at a few seconds' interval by a shrapnel, with the intention no doubt of catching the men if they ran out of the trench

when the high explosives burst. All the time, moreover, big high-explosive shells from the large howitzers were falling up the hill, so close that in many places the langridge would buzz back over the trench, and hit the water with a smack.

Once some reinforcements for the trench were smuggled up by the river road under cover of dark, running the gauntlet of the batteries on the island. Otherwise the men therein were quite cut off by the enemy's fire from all possibility of support. No food could be sent to them. Few communications could be got through to them from any superior officer. The enemy across the river were hidden in willow woods, and there was nothing for them to shoot at. They had to sit still and listen to the burst of the high-explosive shell and shrapnel approaching them along the river's edge, feel it detonate about their ears, and then pass onward up the river. At any moment of the day or night and at any place the Germans might begin to cross; and the Serbians were only a handful, about one man to every five yards of trench. When the crossing came, all that they could expect to do was to give warning to the Serbian guns by their rifle fire. They were a line of sentries, hardly more; and the work of an advanced sentry, under heavy fire, and expecting an attack, is the most cold-blooded of all.

Exposure to the concentrated fire of big guns was moreover a new experience to them in warfare. Never before had they come across guns approaching in calibre the great Austrian howitzers, or a concentration of artillery at all comparable in magnitude with that which had been made on the far side of the river. Yet I do not think that any troops could have shown a more complete indifference to their unpleasant circumstances. Certainly they had the right temperament for the work. It was not only that they bore

it well, as other good troops might have borne it, but that they seemed unconscious that there was anything to bear. They were wholly unmoved either by the bombardment or their isolation; and it was apparent that they had no inward qualms with which to struggle; when a monster burst in the vineyard just up the hill and the bits of it went humming slowly about the neighborhood like angry bumble-bees, one would say "Ak!" with tired resignation, and the other would laugh. They chatted in undertones, because every noise was audible on the island across the water; they munched bread and slept. One had a bit of boiler plate which he held up behind him when a bit of a big shell was heard, by the ascending pitch of its hum, to be coming in his direction, and that was thought to be a very good joke. Once on the second night when a high-explosive shell fell in the trench, killing and wounding several men near, some ran out of the trench and ducked behind the embankment of the road in its rear; but that was the only instance of nerves seen. It was, too, small blame to them then that they quitted the trench, because there was no trench left to stay in.

The outlook for the wounded in these river trenches was a poor one. No stretcher parties or ambulance could have been got up had there been any, but I do not think that there were. If a wounded man could move, he must climb up the hill to one of the positions on the top, in full sight of the enemy and under heavy shrapnel fire all the way. If he could not move he must stay where he was. The endurance of the wounded in these circumstances was such as I suppose only a Balkan peasant is capable of. I passed after nightfall along a trench on the river front of the town which had attracted the heaviest fire from the enemy's guns, and where the casualties had been most numerous. The trench was pounded

into slimy pits and mounds of mud. There was a pause in the bombardment, and the men were gathered in knots about the wounded, giving them what help they could. There were many badly injured there, and yet the silence in the trench was absolute. Once or twice as one of the wounded noticed, I suppose, a strange uniform passing, he said in a low voice "Ranyen!" (wounded)—no more. Not a single complaint or outcry was to be heard. Knowing that a sound would draw fire from the island, they were still. Few troops, I believe, would have been capable of such patience and self-restraint.

Another incident, scarcely noticed at the time, comes back now to my mind, as characteristic of the Serbian temperament under fire. On one occasion we had failed to get along the river road because of a sudden outburst of shrapnel fire from the batteries on the island, and we were lying down under the shelter of the hedgerow bank on the river side of the road. For half a mile the road was being very severely dealt with; a hail of shrapnel was mowing the hedge, cutting the telegraph wires overhead, and spattering in the mud. We lay glued to the ground, much displeased with our situation, but even more disinclined to move. As we reclined there an aged Serbian peasant came in sight round the bend of the road. He bent under the weight of a basket of food that he was carrying, I suppose, to the trenches farther up. Plodding slowly past us, in full sight of the batteries 500 yards away, he seemed unconscious of the shells bursting round his ears, and quite indifferent to cover. His life must have been a charmed one, because he disappeared round the next bend unharmed, still plodding, as if no such thing as a gun had ever been heard of within a thousand miles. We admired, but did not emulate, his really sublime indifference.

I may couple with this an incident

at Belgrade of which I heard from those who were there near the town. There was a battery in an exposed position on a hill which overlooked the river. The Austrian gunners soon found it, and for the three days of the bombardment made an inferno all round it with their 12-inch and 9-inch howitzers. Their projectiles were falling thickly and continuously about the gun emplacement, which was swept, too, with all its approaches, by shrapnel fire.

It is not an encouraging sight to see and hear 12-inch shells bursting near: at each detonation it seems as if there could be nothing in that neighborhood left unannihilated. But several times in the thick of the bombardment an old man who lived in a suburban house near by climbed up the exposed slopes to the gun emplacement and brought the guns' crews tinsful of bean soup. The gunners were not having a good time, but they were on duty. The old man was not.

To return to Semendria: it may be said that, while waiting for the crossing, the Serbian infantry and artillery exhibited in the highest degree the qualities of steadiness and endurance. When the crossing came, they showed that they possessed equally the qualities necessary for attack. The courage needed then was literally the "two o'clock in the morning courage" which the Duke said was the best test of a soldier. It was in the chill of early dawn on the third day of the bombardment that the actual crossing began. The manner in which it was made seemed at first sight incredibly haphazard: but no doubt the invaders derived some advantage from that very quality. Just before dawn, and after a final furious bombardment of the river trenches, the town, and all approaches thereto, the guns were silent. Then a number of flat-bottomed lighters were pushed off from the island. They contained about fifty men apiece,

armed with bombs besides their rifles, and they carried machine guns. Directed across the river by a couple of sweeps, they were allowed to ground on the Serbian side wherever the stream might take them. Then the occupants jumped out, threw their bombs into the river trench, occupied it themselves, and proceeded to dig themselves in. Some parties succeeded in joining up, others remained isolated. No doubt the Germans relied to some extent on the confusion to be produced by a number of scattered attacks; and they may have hoped to find the Serbian first line demoralized by the prolonged and terrific bombardment.

If so, they were disappointed. There was no demoralization amongst the survivors in the river trenches. For that the Serbian temperament has to be thanked, which is perhaps after all only the temperament of any unspoiled population of agricultural peasants that live hard lives and have simple ideas. The effect of the bombardment had rolled off them like water off a duck's back, and they set to in the twilight and bombed and shot the landing parties off their side of the river with great energy and application. It is satisfactory to think that none of the landings at Semendria town or in the immediate neighborhood secured a permanent footing. In the course of thirty-six hours' fighting they were all exterminated or driven back on to the island. It was lower down the river towards Posharevatz that the enemy made good his entry into the Morava Valley; but not until a first landing of 1000 Germans had all been killed or taken prisoners.

In the days when a second invasion was a threat, but still no more than a threat, the Serbs looked forward to it with equanimity. "It will make no difference," an officer said, "many more will be killed; but, in the end, nothing can make Serbia not Serbia." There

is in truth a vitality in the national feeling of that people so strong and so tough that it is possible to hope and believe that nothing can extinguish it, not even the seemingly overwhelming catastrophe that began at Semendria and Belgrade. Before the invasion, it is true, the Serbians counted on the Greek Army to hold back the Bulgarians in the south. Their desertion by their ally is a terrible blow; but the courage, patience, and self-devotion of the Serbian national character will probably be rather fortified than weakened by isolation. This peasant army does not think much or worry at all. Inheriting the tradition of centuries of oppression, it grips with simple mind,

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and as an article of faith, the belief that life is not worth living without national liberty. Could a Serbian soldier express himself, he would say that if Serbia dies, the spiritual life of every Serbian dies too. What matters, then, his physical life, in comparison with the life of Serbia? In these hills between the Vardar and the Morava the fire of national patriotism burns, perhaps, with as pure and intense a flame as anywhere else in the world. Conquest can obscure but cannot extinguish it, save by extinguishing the race in whose hearts it burns. To rescue it to shine again as brightly as ever is a sacred task.

E. Hilton Young.

BARBARA LYNN.

BY EMILY JENKINSON.

CHAPTER III.

PETER FLEMING.

The swift night came down; fells and dales were folded in purple gloom. Stars began to shine, and Barbara, eating her supper of coarse bread, let her eyes wander from group to group with meditative enjoyment. To her the sky was no vast abyss dotted with a formless multitude of shining points, but a field of wonderful fiery things, each following its own appointed course. Yonder glittered Leo, there swung the Great Bear and the Dragon; and, there on a mountain peak, shimmered the Northern Crown. It led her thoughts to Timothy Hadwin's prophecy, when he cast her horoscope; for she should wear a crown, he said, and though Barbara was too wise to put a strict construction upon his words, nevertheless, she found pleasure and inspiration in them, wondering what they might mean.

She flung an extra armful of wood upon the fire, for the night air nipped frostily.

Then, taking her lantern, she went among the sheep to see that all was well with them and their lambs. The little orphan had been adopted, and nestled with its foster-brother against a warm woolly side. A sense of placid well-being lay over the fold, so the girl returned to the fire. As she sat in silence, her fingers busy making a withy basket, and her mind active, there came from over the tarn a sudden burst of melody, ethereal as elfin music. It was echoed to and fro from cliff to cliff, now it danced overhead, then it stole like a whisper out of a dale far away. The shores of the tarn were ringed with sounds, so haunting that they seemed to be unearthly. Barbara listened in amazement.

Someone was playing a flute from the Rock of the Seven Echoes.

Again the music came rippling across the water and was tossed about from hillside to hillside in airy fantasy. When at last it died into silence, Barbara became conscious of the other sounds of

the night—the tinkling of distant waterfalls, the cropping of a sheep close by. She listened expectantly, but the sounds were not repeated.

"It must be Peter," she thought, "only Peter plays the flute hereaway, except Jake, the ratter, and only Peter would play it at such a place."

Her eyes brightened when she thought that he was back again in the dale. Between him and the sisters lay a good fellowship. Often he spent hours with Barbara among the sheep, reading to her stories of old combats and great doings from the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. But he was equally at ease when he helped Lucy to top and tail gooseberries, or sought among the bracken for the nest of the laying-away hen.

Barbara stirred her fire to a brighter glow. She knew that he would see it on the other side of the tarn, and perhaps he might come round to the cave and greet her after his long absence.

Peter was the only son of John Fleming, the miller—called Dusty John in the village—who was a man of some substance, plain habits and little education. But he gave his son every advantage. The boy was sent to school, and afterwards, proving himself apt beyond expectation, went to St. Bees, from which ancient seat of learning he won a scholarship to Oxford. The miller's ambition was to see his son in the church, where he did not doubt Peter would soon be promoted to the highest office. In dreams he beheld him Archbishop of York or Canterbury. But the lad said neither yea nor nay to his father's wishes. He enjoyed himself to the full, coming home for vacations with a light heart, accepting the truckle bed in the mill-house and the homely fare with as lively a humor, as he did the varied life of Oxford.

He reached the cave just as the moon was rising, and leaned his back against the cliffs to watch the light sparkle on the water.

"When did you get home?" asked Barbara, putting her withies aside, and bringing him a cup of milk.

He laughed.

"I've not got home yet," he said, "for I left the coach early in the afternoon, to come over the tops. But they were too deep in snow, so I had to take the Girdlestone Pass instead. I stayed at the Shepherd's Rest for an hour. Now here I am, late as usual."

Then he plied her with eager questions about his father and mother, the village folk, and the welfare of all at Grey-stones.

"How goes the studying, Barbara?" he asked. "Have you read the book I sent you?"

She shook her head.

"Nay; it's not that I haven't the will, but there's no time. Jan Straw is grown so old, and the new hind hasn't got into the way of things yet, so that the heavy end falls on me." Then she added with a smile, "There's such a lot of me to get tired, Peter."

He looked at her. Though he could not see the calm eyes and the corn-colored hair, the outlines of her form were splendid in the silvery light. He felt dwarfed beside her, not physically, but morally. Hers was the finer spirit. He acknowledged it with a glow of generous feeling, for he was given to hero-worshipping.

"We'll make a pact, Barbara," he said, "while I'm at home I'll shepherd the sheep and you shall read."

"You are good and kind, Peter," replied she, "but I remember how you helped me once before. If it wasn't a rainbow, it was a flower, and if it wasn't a flower, it was a bird, but never the sheep-salving or the cattle-herding. The kye got into the barley-field—do you mind?"

They both laughed.

"What a careless brute I am to be sure," said he. "But if you won't let me look after the farm, I'll come and

ead to you, when you have time to listen. I've brought you a new book; you'll like it."

He unstrapped the pack he carried, and took out a stout volume. In the light of the fire he showed it to her. It was Pope's "Homer."

"Some warm day," he continued, "we'll sit on the fellside and wake again echoes of great deeds, and old battles. Thundergay shall be Olympus, and you shall be Athene, the azure-eyed maid. Listen to this—"

He bent down by the fire and held the book so that he could read by its light.

"Now heaven's dread arms her mighty limbs invest,
Jove's cuirass blazes on her ample breast. . . .

"I can see you in them, Barbara.

"The massy golden helm she next assumes,
That dreadful nods with four o'er shading plumes;
So vast, the broad circumference contains
A hundred battles on a hundred plains.
The goddess thus the imperial car ascends
Shook by her arm the mighty javelin bends,
Ponderous and huge; that when her fury burns,
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns."

He closed the book and put it into the girl's hands.

"I've never seen you roused up to do battle," he laughed, "but you'll like that when the spirit moves you. Good-night, Barbara."

Something stirred her like the call of a trumpet heard by her spiritual ears alone. Was her placid life upon the mountains going to end? Would she have to fight with her desires, because Duty still pointed a stern finger towards the sheep-paths, while another road

opened before her—a broad and pleasant road? Peter always roused this restlessness in her heart. She was glad, yet sorry, when he went singing home, leaving her to the night-loneliness with her book of old battles.

The next morning Peter Fleming was walking up and down the cobbled path of the mill-garden between flowering currant bushes, and sheaves of lent-lilies, whose buds were still encased in their pale-green sheaths. Everything sparkled in a sudden burst of sunshine. From the mill-wheel the water fell like a glittering fringe, and the beck raced merrily by, clutching the weeds and grasses on its rim, and drawing them down to make them gorgeously green under its clear surface. On the other side of the stream stood Cringel Forest.

The mill-house was a tall building with the date, 1600, carved over the door under a coat-of-arms of a wheat-sheaf and a sickle. The Flemings, or De Flemings, as they were then called—had been millers in the dale since the reign of Elizabeth, a fact which Dusty John prided himself upon, although he was as simple an old man as ever spoke the vernacular.

The kitchen door was open at the end of the cobbled path, and in its hot and sunny atmosphere, Peter's mother stood ironing. Her muslin kerchief—as fine as ever came from the looms of the East India Company—her gown of russet, and white apron were the essence of cleanliness and order.

"Get away with thy blandishments," she said, for Peter had paused on the threshold to tell her that she looked like a ripe hazel-nut, her face was so brown and rosy and round. "Thee'd witch the wisdom out of my old head with thy flattery. And as for thy dadda—he cannot walk for swaggering, thee's lilled him up so handsome!"

She smiled proudly into the clear-eyed face looking so affectionately into

her own. Peter made her feel that she was still young and worthy of admiration. When he came home she always wore white stockings—though she thought them an extravagance at other times—and placed a flower or a bow of ribbon under her chin.

She held up a kerchief that she was ironing, and said tenderly:

"It will be a great day for thy father and me when we see thee consecrated, Peter."

He stepped across the floor where the sunshine lay in a broad band, and kissed her.

"And a blessed day when I does up thy lawn sleeves, my son. Thee must never let anyone do up thy sleeves but me, lad, not even thy wife when thee gets one. There's nobody kens the art of clear starching and ironing better than thy old mother."

The young man sat on the edge of the table and swung his legs.

"You'll be disappointed, mother," he said, "but I never can see myself—in spite of your dear visions—in bishop's sleeves. I'm a lazy beggar, and more likely to be lying under a tree, finding sermons in stones and books in the running brooks than beating the pulpit cushions of Durham or Carlisle."

She shook her head indulgently.

"Time enough, time enough," she said. "Thee's too young yet to know thy own mind."

Peter looked round the kitchen and laughed.

"Would you like to live in a palace, mother?" he asked.

"A palace! And what would I do there?" she replied, seeing no further than the lawn sleeves which she would wash and iron

The kitchen of the mill-house was small, clean and simple. Brass fire-irons, two or three candlesticks, a burnished copper warming-pan reflected the strong sunshine, but otherwise the puritanical severity of the

white-washed walls was unrelieved. The floor was strewn with river sand, and the chairs and dresser glistened with constant oiling and rubbing. On the dresser was a pile of newly-made clap-cakes, and round the fire stood an oak maiden hung with clean linen. The place had a kindly, homely smell, and Peter sniffed it with enjoyment. He loved the towers of Oxford, and the shadow of his college cloisters, but this small and sunlit kitchen, where his mother baked and ironed, and his father smoked his evening pipe, brought him back to those primitive passions of man out of which the strength of his life springs.

Peter returned to the garden and continued his walk up and down the cobbled path.

He was thinking of his future, and wondering what he would be able to make of it. He had almost decided that he would not take orders when his college days were done, which would be at the summer vacation. The prospect of becoming a curate, or even a North Country vicar did not attract him; on the other hand, he had no particular leanings in any other direction. That which would have suited him down to the ground, he sometimes told himself whimsically, was the position of a country gentleman, with a good library, a well-stocked table, plenty of dogs and troops of friends. His was a genial, breezy nature; he had a firm hand, a just mind, and a clear brain, added to a boyish love of the unusual and adventurous. Peter was a favorite in the village. He liked pretty faces, and flirted openly, but he left the lasses' hearts none the worse. He fished and hunted with the lads; he talked politics with the tailor, religion with the cobbler, and with Jake, the rat-catcher, spent many a long afternoon. It was Jake who taught him to play upon the flute, and though he never managed to charm the rats

with his music—as the strange little man did—he had the young men and maids capering on the bit of green before the inn door on summer evenings, long after they ought to have been abed.

His meditation was interrupted by a horseman calling from over the wall:

"Halloa! Peter, back again?"

It was Joel Hart.

"I'm glad to see you," said he.

"I thought you'd made up your mind to go abroad and seek your fortune," replied Peter, shaking hands heartily.

"So I had, but I broke it again. I couldn't be quite sure where to find the fortune."

They both laughed, but Joel had a note of envy in his mirth.

"You're a lucky dog, Peter," he exclaimed, "to have money in your pockets and a fond father ready to supply more. How long are you home for?"

"Six weeks. It's the Easter vacation."

"Good! we'll have some fishing and wrestling—eh? We'll make a damned fine holiday of it. I want something to take my mind off the worry of wondering where my bread and butter is to come from. You don't want to work, I bet; had enough of that sort of thing down yonder—eh? Come and have a glass at the Wild Boar."

He alighted and leading his horse by the bridle walked down the village street with Peter.

When they were boys they had gone nutting and fishing together, and the memory of many a hairbreadth escape still bound them with the links of affection, though in mind and character they had long since drifted apart.

Joel Hart was a handsome man. Beside him, Peter with his homely face, honest grey eyes, and loosely built figure looked rough-hewn—looked, indeed, that which he was, the offspring of clean-living, hard-working peasant forefathers. The two men were of a

height, but the one carried himself proudly, looking neither right nor left; the other with an easy swing, that could stoop to give pennies to a crying child, or lift a bundle for an old woman. There was an expression of arrogance and dissatisfaction on Joel's features that marred their beauty. He had dark curling hair, which he wore rather long, his eyes were large, well-shaped, full of a smouldering fire or meltingsadness as his mood chanced to be.

The world had dealt hardly with him, and he could not forgive it. His father, the son of that ill-fated Joel Hart whom Annas Lynn had hidden in the wool-barn, had married late in life, and died shortly after, leaving his infant to be brought up by the widow—a vain and foolish woman. She had been indifferent to his discipline and education, and when she died, left the estate—it was a very small one—burdened with debts, a burden that increased rapidly, owing to extravagance and bad management. Joel was not competent to deal with it. A habit of indolence, fostered by his up-bringing, had become second nature to him; his temper was uncertain; yet he cared deeply for two things—Forest Hall and Lucy Lynn. To preserve the one, and gain the other was a wild dream which he dreamed, but made only fitful attempts to realize. He felt that he was bound by invisible bonds which he could not break.

"I'm getting to the end of my resources, Peter," he said as they stood in the inn parlor, drinking. He often made a joke of his poverty; it was too well-known to be hidden; and he did not care that folk should see how much he felt it. "I've only one hope left."

"I trust it's a substantial one," remarked Peter.

Joel flung back his head and laughed.

"Ha, ha," he cried "ha, ha. It's the old great-grandmother up at Grey-stones."

"You're not thinking of marrying her—are you?" said Peter, his eyes twinkling.

"'Pon my soul I never thought of it! What a pity. She'd have had me, Peter, for the love she bore my granddad. I needn't have waited till she was dead, then, to have got her money."

"She's rich—is she?"

"Must be! an old miser! She told me she was going to leave the little she had—little, mind you, and Greystones is the most prosperous farm for miles round—she said she was going to leave it to be divided between Barbara, Lucy, and me. She's ninety-five now, and can't live much longer, though she looks as hale and hearty an old sinner as ever laid up treasure in this world. I hope she'll not forget her promise."

"Court her," replied Peter, briefly.

"Her or her great-granddaughters?"

Joel shot a sharp glance at his companion. He sometimes thought that Peter had a warm side for Lucy as well as himself. "All the same," he continued, tossing off another glass, "I'm breeding dogs, as a stand-by, in case she dies without leaving me a shilling. You must come and see them. I've got a litter of the prettiest pups you ever saw. I keep 'em in the parlor because the kennels are all out of repair. It's a comedown, eh, for the master to sup his porridge in the kitchen, but feed his dogs under the very noses of his forefathers in their gilt frames?"

They talked a little longer, made plans to join the fox-hunt next morning, then Joel mounted his horse and rode away, while Peter retraced his steps up the village street.

He thought that Joel was changing. The man looked unhappy and restless in spite of his gay demeanor. He talked too much, and he drank too much. He might be as poor as he asserted, but he rode a fine horse—Peter was a judge of horse-flesh—and his

clothes were dandified beyond the fashion of the times. Yet there was something in him that appealed to Peter, who thought he looked like a gay bird in a trap. And what trap could be worse than one made out of family pride, poverty, and lack of education?

Pondering upon his friend's character and circumstances, he passed through the village.

High Fold, in the midst of which the mill stood, was a cluster of houses on the fringe of Cringel Forest. They were built of grey stone, roofed with rough-hewn slates, where the yellow stone crop ran riot, hung with queer little balconies, giving them a foreign air. They stood at all angles on either side of a steep road, at the foot of which was the inn, at the top the church. Except for the house known as Forest Hall, the farm of Greystones and a few solitary cots, High Fold marked the limit of human habitation in that direction. Beyond it were many miles of healthy moorland, a wild expanse of mountain, barren ravines, each with its own gushing beck, and wild marshes. The people were a healthy, thrifty race, lacking little—and those things not necessities—working hard and simply, and living to a good old age. Many of them herded sheep on the common lands; a few wrought in a silver mine some distance off; others spun and carded wool; a tailor, a weaver, a rat-catcher and a blacksmith were respected members of the community. They owned a large flock of geese, each bird was smit with its owner's private mark, and a goose-girl, in the common employ, led them daily to their feeding-grounds. There were few idle hands in the village, even the old men knitted stockings, sitting on the inn bench of a spring or summer evening.

Peter followed the road beyond the village, where it turned into a cart-

track, and wound through Cringel Forest leading to Forest Hall, and then on up the dale to Greystones.

As he lay under a beech-tree, watching the birds fluttering among the smooth branches, a little old man came wandering through and sat beside him.

The hair of the little old man curled on his shoulders, like a child's—though it was grey instead of golden—and his eyes were also like a child's, bright and questioning. He was primly dressed in a flowered waistcoat, buffed breeches and blue stockings, but the garments were faded and threadbare. On his knee he held a basket of roots and leaves.

"Meditation," he said, "is the mother of great thoughts, and repose fosters them till they be well grown."

"That's comforting to my lazy soul," drawled Peter.

The thin old voice continued, carefully choosing the words as though, even in meditation, nothing slipshod or ill-fitting was allowed to pass.

"We should find time to be idle," he said. "When the soul is possessed by tranquillity, there enters in an angel called thought—a mysterious being, whose birth and origin is far beyond our knowledge or understanding. But we can give her housing, care for her like kind folk, and she will reward us abundantly. Her presence with us is her reward."

Peter chewed a blade of grass, basking in the warm light. For a little while neither spoke. The last week had shaken off all the appearance of winter from the forest. The trees were budding, a tall poplar rose purple as a plum, yonder a group of larches were turning green, and a sycamore had all its tips dipped in crimson. The blackthorn thicket was white, and the lesser celandines were golden on the banks. In the forest lay a deep blue silence—the silence of old wise trees, but on the topmost branches

gay and giddy birds were pouring out their hearts to the spring sunshine in a wild burst of melody.

"It's all very beautiful," said Peter; "that light on the beech-stems—it might be a splash of pure gold. The trees seem to be aware of it too—if only their leaves were out they would be clapping their hands for joy." Then he turned to Timothy Hadwin. "I'm becoming a convert to your faith," he said. "I believe the earth has a soul and every living thing."

"You feel it, then?" replied the old man eagerly. "You feel a magic in the woods which only comes from the communion of souls? You and I and the trees are not alone here. You feel that other minds are reaching out to touch you, as you are reaching out to touch them? You have in your own mind this vision of the truth—the kinship of the living world?"

"Perhaps it's imagination after all," said Peter.

"Imagination does not lie."

"It may deceive."

"No, no. What we imagine is true for ourselves, though no one else may see it to be so. We each of us have senses, feelings, thoughts of our own. Were you to tell me that you saw a hamadryad coming out of yon beech-tree, I should not contradict you because I could not see it. But if you plucked a buttercup, and said it was only colored matter, I should say you were wrong, for I know it to be something more. The greatest blessing of life is sight, and the commonest ill is, blindness." He laid his hand upon the ground and continued. "We are all akin, because we are all the children of the Earth. Her great mind is made up of our little minds. She knows us better than we know ourselves—do we know ourselves at all? I love to think of the Earth, a personality, a great angel rejoicing as a strong man to run a race, rushing along through

the dark night or the bright day, through clouds and through sunshine, never halting or stumbling or going astray, carrying upon her bosom a multitudinous life, caring for it, as a thoughtful mother."

After this conversation the two men were silent for a while, each following the trend of his own thoughts. Then Timothy got up and went away. But Peter remained under the beech-tree.

Peter had capacity for the full enjoyment of life, and a boundless curiosity concerning it. As he lay on the ground he seemed to feel the heart of the Earth-mother beating under his own, and he was filled with a sense of her teeming vitality and his individual share of it. He opened his mind to the sounds and sights around. It delighted him to follow with his eyes the stems of the trees as they sprang straight from the bosom of their universal mother into the blue air. He listened to the whistling of the birds, the hum of the bees, and watched a rabbit leap among the ferns—pleased with such simple demonstrations of life. Perhaps a change was working in his own nature, for never had the common things about him seemed to be so full of absorbing interest as now; never had he been so conscious of the sap running up the branches of the trees, and of his own vitality. At present he did not enjoy the sense of power which he could use if he desired. But soon he told him-

self, he would labor, singing in the light of the sun.

Then through the forest came Barbara Lynn, driving her primitive cart home from market. She did not see the figure under the beech-tree, for her eyes were dreaming, neither did Peter try to draw her attention. She sat with her hands lying loosely on her lap, the reins hanging slack as the old pony took its own pace home. Her fine, large features were composed, and she kept her jolting seat with unconcern. There was something patriarchal in the cart, and its rough-cut wooden wheels, and the regal form of Barbara, deep-bosomed, yellow-haired and clear-eyed as the offspring of shepherd kings should be.

She passed on while the over-arching trees dropped lights and shadows across her face. Peter watched her till the blue distance of the forest closed round the cart, and the creaking of its wheels died into silence.

He came back to a knowledge of himself with a rush. For the time being his mind had been merged in the mind of another. The forest, too, was waking as from a trance. Barbara had seemed to hold it in the spell of her own dreaming. Now the wind blew down the track, trundling dead leaves before it, and drawing a low chiming from the branches overhead. The birds burst into renewed twittering and the rabbits leaped among the fern

(To be continued)

RELIGION AND MUSIC.

The man that "hath no music in his soul," Shakespeare tells us, is fit for all sorts of terrible things. Some of us would go farther than this, and say that such a man does not, and probably never did, exist. Some sense of music, dull it may be, or distorted almost beyond recognition, but never

absolutely crushed, exists in everyone. And so also does what we may call the sense of religion. The most worldly-minded, the most frivolous-minded the most carnal-minded, have this sense, which in these cases most often becomes superstition. And this refers not only to the broader meaning of the

term "religion," which is simply that which is of the greatest and most lasting importance, or to which we give, rightly or wrongly, the most serious consideration. It refers also to the narrower meaning of the term, which relates to the tenets held and the rites and ceremonies practised by certain divinely or humanly constituted bodies, or to our direct relations with the Deity and the unseen world.

And as these two senses—the sense of religion and the sense of music—are possessed by all, so also are they intimately related in the minds of most people. Though a merely emotional religion is as shallow and futile a form as it is possible to call by name, religion without emotion is impossible. And music is the most natural and universal expression of emotion—of the emotions of joy and sorrow, or faith, love, hope, despair; and of worship. Not infrequently religious emotion finds expression in other matters; even its highest expression is not through this means. Its full and complete expression, however, must and does always include expression in music. "Music, the handmaid of Religion" is no mere saying with regard to one religion alone. Music is the handmaid of every religion, and of the religious instinct which all possess.

But it is also much more than the handmaid; it is the prompter of religious feeling, and one of its highest expressions. This is the reason why each religion has its own form of music. Music has always been regarded, by pagans and true worshipers alike, as a directly heaven-sent gift, and therefore to be employed chiefly in the service of religion. In the old pagan religions there was usually a god of music, or some hero or demi-god particularly gifted with the talent of music. Such were Osiris of the Egyptians, Apollo and Orpheus of the Greeks, and Nareda and Bharata of the Hindus.

Throughout the long history of the Chinese Empire we find music intimately connected with its various religions. Ancestor worship and Emperor (or more strictly law) worship lend themselves to the ceremonial regulation of its use and disuse. The theoretical tendencies of the Chinese are apparent in these. Modern developments have changed much, but for centuries there was no change. Music, they said, was the harmony between heaven and earth; and therefore their scale consisted of five notes, the number three being the symbol of heaven and two the symbol of earth. The names of the notes were those of the State, from the Emperor downwards (though they considered what we should call up, in music, to be down, and what we call down, up). Whole tones were masculine, that is, according to their ideas, complete and independent; semi-tones were feminine, incomplete and dependent. But their abstruse and theoretical methods enabled them to divide this scale and to place it in so many different positions as to give them many more notes than we possess.

From the most ancient times on record in native literature, music was forbidden to mourners. Musical instruments were always interred with Emperors and grandees during certain dynasties. When in mourning they did not even speak of music. Attempts to suppress Buddhism were made by suppressing the music of that religion, which shows the realization by its opponents of the importance of the art to that particular religion. Japanese music of the old types was more secular. Not so that of the Hindus, however. The Hindus trace their music in its present form back to the earliest times, when it was supposed to be a direct and immediate gift from the gods. They ascribe it to many supernatural powers, and it is through their priests and monks that much Hindu music

has been preserved. Almost the same may be said of the music of the Brahmins. But the religious institutions of the East not only preserve their music; they make very great efforts, greater, possibly, even than those of St. Ambrose, St. Gregory, or Pope Pius IV, to preserve it in its pristine purity. Certain melodies are permitted to be sung only by privileged persons, and most are taught only by the officially initiated.

From the days of Jubal, who "was the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ," music figured constantly in religious exercises under the Old Dispensation. How far it was spontaneous and how far deliberate and ordered in the earliest days it is impossible to say. The earliest record we have of any particular sacred psalm is that of Moses after the passage of the Red Sea. The record of the words and the repetition of the psalm by Miriam and the other women suggest that it was almost as deliberate as our methods of today. We have other cases on parallel lines right through the Old Testament. Yet none seems to have doubted the reality and sincerity of expression.

Nearly always the references to music contained in the Bible, and particularly in the Old Testament, speak of it as a formal and ordered matter, and generally as the expression of joy. When sorrow came, music was banished.

By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat
down, yea, we wept,
Upon the willows in the midst thereof
we hanged our harps.

Thus wrote the psalmist in the day of sorrow; but in the day of joy his cry is to praise the Lord with the sound of the trumpet, the psaltery and harp, the timbrel, the stringed instruments and pipe, and the loud and high sounding cymbals. This is more than a little interesting from the merely sociological point of view as well as from the religious

standpoint, when we compare it with the modern Chinese method of having no music in the time of mourning for the dead. It is also a definite forecast of the Catholic practice of having no instrumental music during penitential seasons.

With the advent of Christianity the music of the Jewish Church was developed into that of its successor. We have, of course, the highest authority, by example, if not by precept, for the use of music in Christian worship. Not only was our Lord a constant worshiper at the Temple, where music formed an integral part of the worship. "On the same night that He was betrayed," we read that immediately after the institution of the Most Blessed Sacrament He and His disciples sang a hymn. The hymn, almost certainly, was the 114th Psalm, *In exitu Israel*, which still is connected with the Christian Passover—with Easter. SS. Paul and Silas sang in prison; the former urges the Ephesians to speak among themselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in their hearts to the Lord; and to the Colossians he recommends the use of psalms and hymns and spiritual songs for teaching as well as for worship; while St. James tells those who are merry to indulge their mirth in this manner. Most of the hymns and songs to which reference is intended in these passages are those of the Jews, though there is little doubt that the hymn of our Lady, *Magnificat*, and the songs of the Blessed Simeon and Zacharias, *Nunc Dimittis* and *Benedictus*, would be coming into use at least in an informal way. But the music itself had in all probability no direct connection with that of the Jews.

The earliest Christian music, in fact, was only to a very small extent taken from, or even influenced by, that of Jewry, being mainly taken from that of Greece and Italy. The reason for

this, of course, was that Greece was the paramount intellectual power, as Rome was that of politics. Nevertheless, we read that the Christian music was simpler and broader, as befitted its employment by congregations, as well as sweeter and more tender, as befitted its subjects, than was the pagan music from which it evolved. Congregational music, if at this stage it may be called so—that is, the music of the whole body engaged in any act of worship—would develop earlier than that for choirs or instruments. One respect in which the earliest records show that Jewish methods were retained, if not the music itself, was in that of antiphonal singing, either between precentor and congregation or between women and men.

Instruments were probably not employed, at least to any serious extent, until after the invention of organs suitable for accompanying voices. This did not take place until the fourth century or later. It happened to coincide approximately with the period when other instruments were used to such debased purposes as to be forbidden to all faithful Christians. The use of the organ did not become general, however, for many years after this. During the terrible times of the great persecutions there was little music, for fear of discovery of the churches. Even then, however, it was not altogether suppressed, and the tradition was continued till more peaceful times.

What we may, for convenience, call modern Christian music came into existence, also in the fourth century, when St. Ambrose first invented, or promulgated, a system that was usable by both east and west. An order of the Council of Laodicea, that only those who were appointed for the purpose should sing in the churches, made this an opportune time for the establishment of a new system. Schools were founded under the patronage and direction of the Holy See, and attempts were

made to write down the sounds. There is no need to give here a description of this music writing, as the only effect it had on the relation of religion and music was that it aided the spread of a uniform Christian song for all parts. It also helped to increase the number of hymns and tunes available, which was also now larger, owing to the admission of original hymns. Before then only the psalms, the great canticles (including *Te Deum*), and a few traditional hymns had been admitted into public worship.

The history of music was for many centuries bound up with the history of the Church. This is true both of sacred and secular music, as we shall see. The earliest musical theorists under systems which at all apply to modern music were monks. A single line, then two, three, and eventually four were used to indicate the rise and fall of the priest's or the cantor's part. A letter notation was invented early in the eleventh century by Guido, a monk of Arezzo. He also developed the line notation invented by Hucbald of Saint-Amand (in Flanders) a little more than a century earlier. Hucbald was one of the first to develop the system of part-writing or harmony, and Guido further developed it. It was Guido who first invented the practice of what we call solmization, or *solfeggi*—that is, the singing of the notes to certain syllables, which syllables serve the double purpose of putting the mouth in a good position for obtaining a pure tone and of aiding the memory. This method arose out of the practice of singing a verse, *Ut queant laxis*, from the hymn for the Vespers of St. John the Baptist. This exercise developed eventually into a regular hymn tune, of which one or other version is sung in all Catholic Churches. The syllables used for solmization are, with the exception of the first and the last, those which we now use as the names of the notes of the scale. Guido

also had many other methods of teaching, and was, in fact, the great theorist of his day.

Methods of measuring music, of fixing approximately the length of time each note was to be held, were invented by Franco of Cologne, also primarily for ecclesiastical purposes. So far as the general use of music is concerned, and particularly of secular music, the greatest glory belongs to the Church in our own land. This is in the preservation of a remarkable round or part song, *Sumer is i-cumen in*, which dates from early in the thirteenth century. The earliest copy extant was made in a monastery at Reading, and the music seems to have been adopted to sacred as well as secular words. Whether it was an isolated example appearing long before its time, or whether there were other similar pieces which have been lost, we cannot say. So far as our knowledge goes, it was a very early forerunner of the style of music which only became at all general a hundred years or more after it. Which ever may have been the case, it is a testimony of the care of the Church for education and the arts.

This line of history need be proceeded with no farther here, but left for each to pursue at leisure. Most of us know something of how for centuries the Church was the chief, if not the only, center of education. In its own formularies, in the ways evolved of teaching the people the great truths which it had to present, in its fatherly care of the recreations of its children, whereby it endeavored to prevent innocent amusements becoming debased and sinful, the Catholic Church has preserved and promulgated the best and purest music. It has not always—in fact, it has only seldom—been in the van of movements in art. Such matters must of necessity be proved before they can receive the assent of religion. It is not the work of religion, even of religion in the ab-

stract and without direct regard to the faith of the Church, to experiment either in essential truth or in the matters which appertain to it.

But with this necessary conservatism we can look, not without thankfulness and legitimate pride, to the work that has been done in the greatest works of art, and particularly of the art of music. Of these the greater part have a direct connection with the religion of Christ; and there are few indeed but what have arisen from the innate religious feeling of which mention was made at the beginning of this paper. Where would be the art of Palestrina, of Pergolesi, of Bach, and Handel, even of Mozart and our own Purcell and Byrd and Gibbons, if it had not been inspired by the services of the Church or the words of the Sacred Scriptures? What are generally, in fact almost universally, regarded as the greatest utterances in music are such works as Palestrina's *Missa Papae Marcellii*, Bach's *The Passion according to St. Matthew* and his *B minor Mass*, Handel's *The Messiah*, Purcell's *Te Deum* and *Jubilate*, Mozart's *Requiem* and his three last Symphonies, Beethoven's two Masses and his *Symphony in C minor*, Berlioz's *Te Deum* and Verdi's *Requiem*. Others there may be of equally high standing; but none take a higher place in the estimation of all who care for music. By far the greater part of this, it will be observed, is set to the words of the Mass and the great canticles, or to scriptural excerpts relating directly to the great mysteries of the Incarnation and the Atonement. Handel, Purcell, and Mozart all wrote much that is great in operas and other secular works, but it is by their sacred music that they are most intimately bound up with human life as a whole. And much the same obtains with composers of a somewhat lower rank in the kingdom of art.

But, it may be said, all this about

the great individual composers, about music in which only a few of us can take part, and which not all of us can appreciate, has only a small bearing on this great subject. Religion is a matter for the most ignorant and poor, as well as for those who have had education and opportunities of hearing these great works. What is the relation between religion and music among those to whom these famous compositions are little or nothing more than mere names?

In reply to this it may first of all be pointed out that this type of music, what we call "art music," has a wider and stronger influence than it is commonly credited with. It permeates all classes. It is surprising, when one first makes the discovery, how the association of certain words with the music set to such words by the great composers can be constantly found in the minds of those who would appear to have least opportunity of hearing such music. The emotion of the majority, however, with rare exceptions, is somewhat shallow; and consequently their music, the expression of their emotions, is also

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shallow. But it is worthy of note that the deepest religious emotion finds its utterance in what even the most scholastic of musicians would call the best music. To put it in another way, namby-pamby music usually implies namby-pamby religion; noble music implies pure and noble religion. One warning must be uttered on this subject, because it is so easily misunderstood. Good music, even noble music, is not necessarily elaborate; often it is most simple. The best music, it has been said, is that which is most appropriate for the occasion for which it is employed. And could any one say that in dealing with eternal verities, with the most serious things in this world and the next, the sugary sentimentality of much of the music that is so often employed today is the most appropriate? Not only in the Catholic Church, but in nearly all religions, nominally Christian or frankly opposed to Christianity, it has been the usual practice to guard against this by an insistence upon the worthiness of that which tradition has most valued.

Herbert Antcliffe.

THE WARDS IN WAR-TIME.

BY A RED CROSS PRO.

IV. BIG WASH

Twice a week, on Tuesdays and Fridays, that exciting game of chance "big wash" is played. This bears a superficial resemblance to the game of golf, the patients constituting the hazards or bunkers, and the various kinds of garments the number of holes to be played. It varies with the temperament and tenacity of the players, but in its main outlines it is always the same.

The game opens with a vast inchoate mass of dirty linen, piled high on the narrow strip of landing which separates Ward B. from Ward C. The two wards share their washing in common, which

adds a sporting interest to the game. A purple-faced Orderly and an agitated Staff Nurse dive into the pile, and, as it were, drive off from the first tee by pulling a sheet from the heap. Sheets, pillow-cases, and towels represent the first three holes, which are straightforward and comparatively simple in character, although admittedly long-distance shots. For to count correctly forty-three sheets can tax mathematical powers of quite first-class order, especially when there is a crowd of patients in the background adding to the confusion in their efforts to render help. The situation at times becomes strained

when Orderly and Staff Nurse repeatedly fail to make their totals agree, and each is convinced that the other is in the wrong, the former inwardly and the latter openly. Yet when all is said, sheets are comparatively simple in character, as from their bulk they can rarely be mislaid even by the most careless patients.

With personal garments, which come next, it is far otherwise, and holes 4 and 5, flannel and cotton shirts, are two of the most difficult in the course. Shirts are so fatally easy to mislay, and patients, for some reason known to themselves but unapparent to every one else, frequently omit to change their shirts on washing morning.

Hole 6, counterpanes, is the easiest of all, as the Staff Nurse changes these herself, after closely inspecting the various shades of grayness of those in use on the beds; but the next hole, socks, more than compensates by its difficulty. The military authorities bravely recognize the fact that human feet differ in size, and do their best to cater for the various dimensions; but the laundry, with that aloofness which characterizes those utilitarian institutions, recognizes no such differences, and simply pairs the socks as they happen to come along. So Johnson, the burly transport driver, easily slips on his first sock, but finds the second defies all his efforts.

"Could you lend me a shoehorn, Sister?" he pants; "I can't get into this sock."

And a hasty tour has to be made in the ward and a large-sized sock taken from the puny Jones to complete his footwear. Not that Jones, despite his inability to wear the sock, parted from it willingly.

"I don't see," he grunts, "when I do 'appen to get a sock without a hole, why I should not be allowed to keep it."

This remark, ungracious as it may

appear, was valuable in shedding a ray of light on the hopeless search for a missing sock. Twenty-five and a half pairs were safely piled up in a neat heap on the inading, but the last half was nowhere to be seen. "Has any one got a badly frayed sock?" asked the probationer quietly, while the Staff Nurse and Orderly were pursuing their researches in Ward C.

"Do you think I am going to wear a thing like that?" said Roper, brandishing a sock in which the sole was almost entirely missing. "If I say I won't wear it, I won't, and no one can make me," he added with pride.

Holes 8 and 9, handkerchiefs and neckties, are very tricky. They seem so simple and yet prove so elusive. Hospital handkerchiefs are large, bright-red in color, and harsh in texture, and fifty per cent of the patients receive a fresh handkerchief every Tuesday in exchange for the equally clean one they have just given up. The difficulty about handkerchiefs is that they possess an irresistible attraction for certain laboring sons of the North when about to go on sick furlough.

"It is just the thing to cover my canary's cage at neet," thought Bates, when the day of departure came, and he promptly annexed M'Vean's handkerchief from the top of his locker—being well aware that his own must be handed in with his kit or else he would be mulcted of the sum of fourpence. He was safely in the train before the prolonged search for the luckless M'Vean's missing property started, in which the ward had to submit to having its lockers ransacked, its beds unmade, and its veracity doubted. But all in vain; no handkerchief was forthcoming, and M'Vean had not only to endure repeated reference to his loss every time "big wash" came round, and hear the reiterated command of Nurse M'Tavish, "Be sure not to give M'Vean a handkerchief. Remember he has lost

his," but also to contemplate the unpleasant fact that on leaving he would be made to pay for what he had not lost. And, being a Scot, that was the bitterest part of all.

Neckerchiefs—as Army Book No. 200 terms them—are red and very voluminous. Patients for the most part detest them, and delay putting them on as long as possible, until the doctor's visit makes it obligatory. Neckerchiefs also occasionally disappear, and have been known to get lost; but their triangular shape makes them less generally useful than the square handkerchief, and their color robs them of any charms as wearing apparel—unless possibly to a socialist. So their disappearances are few and far between.

The last holes of the course—Turkish towels and hospital suits—are short and simple. The chief question about suits is, will they fit; and as wards with tall patients seem to get nothing but small sizes sent up from the store, there is all the excitement of a lottery in trying them on.

To Staff Nurse M'Tavish, fresh from four years' training amid the ordered perfection of a small Scotch hospital, the terrors of "big wash" came home with peculiar force.

"It's a fule country," she remarked bitterly, "and military red tape is the most fulish thing in it. I'm not used to all the writing and counting over a few bits of washing."

For in Maggie M'Tavish's hospital, patients had been numbers, not individuals, and no patient had ever succeeded in losing a garment—partly because a hawk-eyed nurse kept strict waten on his movements, and partly because his native common-sense told him that the hospital would infallibly make him refund any small articles he lost or appropriated to his own use. So the carelessness of the British soldier came with redoubled force, and his cal-

lousness in the face of personal loss was little less than astounding.

One Tuesday morning the terrors of "big wash" proved even more terrible than usual. The correct number of clean garments, as specified both in words and figures, in Checkbook for Hospital Linen—Army Book No. 200—had been received and distributed. The first three holes had been accomplished, and all went well, until with the counting of the shirts a new and unpleasant difficulty arose. The flannel shirts totaled twenty-seven, the cotton twenty-five. Even repeated counting could not gloss over this unpleasant fact. "I have one flannel shirt too many and one cotton shirt too few," exclaimed Staff Nurse M'Tavish rushing into Ward B.

The patients, who were busily engaged in discussing whose turn it was to have the small eggs for breakfast, waived aside the interruption.

"But I had the small ones yesterday," said the puny Jones. "I don't see why I should have them every day."

"You are on eggs," said Akerman loftily, "and have eggs every day, so your turn for small eggs must come oftener than ours."

"And here is one with a text, 'Vengeance is Mine, saith the Lord,' You can have that if you like to console you," said Lamb mischievously.

"I'll not—" began the almost tearful Jones.

"Jones, I'll no have you answering back," said Staff Nurse M'Tavish in her most rasping voice. "Who is the fool who has put a clean flannel shirt in the wash?"

A sudden lull in the egg discussion enabled Staff Nurse M'Tavish to make herself heard, and by dint of close cross-examination, and discovering which patients were wearing flannel shirts at the moment, the culprit, Lance-Corporal Kilbride, was disclosed.

"Have you a flannel shirt on, Kilbride?"

"I have put mine to the wash, Sister, and I don't want another as the weather is so hot."

"And don't you know, Kilbride, that you must give up the same kit when you go out that you drew when you came in? What will you be saying to have the price of a new shirt docked out of your allowance, and all through your own stupidity?"

Kilbride, being a compatriot of Staff Nurse M'Tavish, speedily saw the force of the argument, and received the clean shirt back with gratitude.

"Now, I am a cotton shirt short," said the Staff Nurse, when a fresh recount still failed to disclose it. And the familiar round game was played.

"Have you changed your shirt, Jones?"

"Have you, Jackson?"

"And you, O'Ryan?"

"And you, Baines?" and so on, round the ward, but Staff Nurse M'Tavish drew a blank every time. She was just on the point of hurrying across to Ward C. when, away in the distance, a pile of clothes on a bed caught her eye.

"Who has still not changed their clothes?" she asked, her eyes flashing with anger. "Viney, you ought to be ashamed to give me so much trouble."

Viney, who seemed quite unabashed, handed over his bundle, which proved, on examination, to be much less valuable than had been hoped—a sheet which had somehow failed to be missed—necktie, socks and towel.

"I put my shirt in your pile," he remarked in a tone of virtue, and Staff Nurse M'Tavish hurried across to Ward C. to pursue her researches.

"Have you changed your shirt, Pettinger?"

"Yes, Sister."

"Are you quite sure?"

"Indeed I am, Sister. I remember it tearing as I pulled it off." The search

continued without success. "Run and look in the bathroom, Orderly," said Staff Nurse M'Tavish in despair; but all in vain—Orderly returned empty-handed.

Back into Ward B. she went, and the men were by this time busily discussing the iniquities of the cook in not rising earlier to cook the breakfast. "If the fellow can't get up in time, he ought to be sacked," said Johnson.

"It is simply wasting oatmeal to send it up like this," said Kilbride.

"It's not even skilly this morning," lamented Lamb. "It is grains of oatmeal floating in water."

All this time a frail invalid, tucked away in a corner bed, had escaped unnoticed, and had been passed over in the first round of the game. His pallor and unobtrusiveness gave him a look as if he were not long for this world. But suddenly a movement caught the Staff Nurse's eye.

"Have you changed your shirt, Patsey?" she asked. Amid the general chatter his voice failed to carry. "Are you sure?"

A faint murmur, accompanied by a feeble fumbling, and a white corner was drawn from beneath his pillow.

"You have not changed?"

"I've been asleep," he began slowly; but he said no more, for with a bound Staff Nurse M'Tavish was beside him, and was shaking his frail body vigorously in her excitement.

"How can you be so troublesome!" she cried. "Change your shirt this minute."

But all did not go well. The socks—strange, provoking, inexplicable as it may seem—totaled a pair too many, and a furtive movement on the part of Lamb revealed the fact that he was sitting at the breakfast-table in his bare feet.

"What do you mean by that, Lamb?" asked Staff Nurse M'Tavish angrily. "Where are your socks?"

"I have not got any to put on. You took away my dirty pair, and did not give me clean ones."

The Staff Nurse hastened to the pile, and then the horrid truth was borne upon her that the clean pair had been thrown in amongst the dirty. Laundries, like all human institutions, are liable to fall short of perfection, and even minute and prolonged search failed to disclose which was the clean pair. Twenty-six pairs of socks were unrolled, examined, and replaced, but the clean pair could not be identified with certainty, and in the end Staff Nurse M'Tavish drew a pair at random from the pile and presented them to the underserving Lamb.

Only the last hole—bath-towels—remained to be played, and these were three in theory and three in practice, but they formed the subject of a grave rebuke to Sergeant Miller.

"Sergeant, did you have a bath yesterday?"

"No, Sister."

"But you went to the bathroom?"

"Yes, Sister, to have a wash yesterday afternoon."

"And you left your bath-towel behind."

"I am very sorry."

"I won't have such carelessness. How many times have I warned you? The other orderly might have found it and put it in with his washing, and then we never should have got it back."

And Staff Nurse M'Tavish closed Army Book No. 200 with a sigh of relief.

V. VISITORS.

Three afternoons a week, between the allotted hours of two and four, the hospital is open to visitors, and these fall naturally into two categories. In the first may be placed near relations actual or prospective, such as parents, wives or young ladies, who come to see the patients as individuals; and in the

second, philanthropists, ministers of religion, and kind-hearted old ladies, who visit collectively. The former is by far the more popular class, except possibly when it includes uncles, who often display a misplaced pertinacity in inquiring what their relatives felt when they saw the enemy, and how often they charged the Germans. At times the attentions of the latter are distinctly unwelcome, and patients have been known to resort to most devious subterfuges.

One glorious summer afternoon the probationer of Ward B., hurrying into the bathroom in quest of a bowl, was amazed to find the shrinking form of M'Vean behind the door. When all the world was gay and green, it seemed the most extraordinary taste to prefer to lurk in a dingy bathroom.

"What in the world are you doing, M'Vean?" she asked.

"I'm thinking I'll bide here this afternoon."

"But what a waste of a glorious day. Why don't you go in the grounds? Are you not expecting any visitors this afternoon?"

"Indeed I am, that's why I am here."

"Who is it?"

"A meenister from London, who has been asked by our meenister in Paisley to keep an eye on me. At least so he says, but I think myself he comes for the pleasure of talking. The last day he was here he gave me a homily as long as the books of Deuteronomy and Kings put together on the perils of a soldier's life, and when he said he would come again today I thought the bathroom was the best place for me."

"But he would never be able to find you in the grounds, M'Vean."

"I'm doubting I'd be safe there, Sister. The Rev. Proudfoot is a most determined man, and his last words to me were, 'I leave a thought with you until next time'; so I'll no be rushing across his path today if I can help it."

Often there are sad, touching little meetings. Wives who have said good-bye to their dearest ones with dread in their hearts, and after months of aching anxiety, which knew no respite, meet them again on a bed of sickness, pale, haggard, altered, badly wounded, it may be, but their own dear ones again—back safe in England, and looked after with the tenderest care. Such meetings hold much joy even if there be sorrow too.

Strange inarticulate meetings, part of our sternly repressed natures, and our hatred of emotion which our Allies can never understand. There is none of the Frenchman's gay vivacity, none of the Belgian's demonstrative delight in these reunions, but they are none the less joyous. The first time Jones's mother came to see him, she entered the ward with shaking knees, for hospitals were strange and fearful places to her. When, after a moment's bewilderment, she discovered her boy in the long line of beds, pale, shaken with the haunted look of one who has seen Death still in his eyes, her courage failed her. The moment she drew near, Jones flung his arms around her neck and burst into tears, while she, distressed to find her mischievous boy so changed, sobbed in turn, until in the midst of their embrace the lid of the jar of calf's-foot jelly she was clasping became loosened, and the jelly descended in a moist mass on the chest of the luckless Jones. After that tears became an impossibility, and Mrs. Jones, although her thrifty soul was vexed at the waste, began unconsciously to look upon the brighter side of life.

Young ladies are very frequent visitors, and these may be "my fioney" who has come from a distance specially to see him, as the soldier proudly explains, or more commonly "cousins" from the near neighborhood, who have obtained passes by some mysterious means unknown to the authorities, and as a rule

are not at all particular which patient they visit. Indeed, a popular warrior may have as many as six or seven cousins, all equally unknown to him, in the same afternoon. Their behavior is almost always the same. They sit jauntily on the edge of the bed, supremely conscious of their best clothes, until chased off by an indignant nurse. Then they subside into a chair, drawn as close to the patient's bed as possible. They come laden with boxes of indifferent chocolates and enormous bunches of crudely-colored flowers, as offerings to the wounded, and their conversational powers consist of whispers punctuated by giggles, if they are enjoying a *lete-a-lete*, or talking at the top of their voices in parties of five or six.

"It is as bad as the gramophone," said Kilbride, seeking refuge with his book in an empty ward. "Everyone talks at once, and nobody listens to what anyone else is saying."

For they have this in common with the Teutonic marauders—once erroneously called our cousins—that they all talk at the same time, and nobody dreams of waiting until his neighbor has finished his remark.

Ministers of religion bear a certain resemblance to one another, especially in the blank disappointment and feeling of resentment they evince when none of their denomination are to be found in the ward. It seems as if their branch of religion were not prospering as it should be. The hospital authorities thoughtfully provide tin discs, colored, red, white, blue, yellow, or green, to show whether the patient is Church of England, Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, or any other denomination. These are hung over the head of the beds to assist the minister in the search for his flock.

"Though why cardboard would not have answered just as well, I fail to see," said Kilbride, on being initiated to the system, "except that it would not

have cost the Government half so much."

"It is not on matters connected with religion that you would wish to save, I hope," replied the Rev. Proudfoot in a frigid voice, and sought another guide as soon as possible.

Kind-hearted old ladies are perhaps the most numerous class of all. They stagger into the ward laden with dear impossible old books which they have dug out of their domestic archives for the patients to read, and change them with unfailing regularity the following week, quite oblivious of the fact that no patient had opened them. Others bring gramophone records in the form of hymn tunes. "And such good records too. This one cost fifteen shillings," the donor proudly remarked. So in the evenings the ward resounds with "Abide with Me" and "The Church's One Foundation," sandwiched in with "Tipperary," "Hello, Hello, and Who's Your Lady Friend," and other incongruities which the donor in her kindness of heart hardly could have contemplated.

One sultry afternoon in July one of the kind-hearted old ladies presented an enormous basket of red currants to Ward B., which Staff Nurse M'Tavish was rather inclined to regard in the light of a "red elephant." However, her cool, customary, Scotch common-sense came to her aid, and she decreed that the patients must eat them with their tea; and when tea-time came, the ward, with that inborn British hatred of anything new, voted it "a queer kind of thing to give one at tea-time."

"Did you ever see red currants for tea before, Nurse?" Lamb asked the probationer in an injured voice.

"No, I don't think I ever did," she replied; "but I expect some one thought—red currants—the wounded—let us send them to the hospital."

"No," said Kilbride, after a moment's reflection, "they thought—

red currants—the price of sugar—let us send them to the hospital."

But the best joke of all was played upon Ward B. by a dear old lady in a black silk mantle and taffeta gown one Sunday afternoon. She arrived with an enormous cardboard box which was quite heavy, and although the chauffeur carried it as far as the ward door, she never would have got inside the ward without the assistance of Kilbride. When it had been placed in safety on the ward table it was seen to be subdivided into fifteen or twenty small boxes, each containing fifty Gold Flake cigarettes. From that instant every movement of the old lady was followed with the most flattering attention, for Woodbines may enjoy unbounded popularity, but the more generous proportions of Gold Flake make them even better.

"Good afternoon," said the dear old lady. "You will see I have brought you some cigarettes. I was talking the other day to a friend just back from the Front—an officer, you know—who was in charge of a Machine Gun section—such a terrible time he had been having out there, poor fellow—and he said to me, as soon as he heard that I was visiting this hospital, 'Be sure to take the men Gold Flake cigarettes. Remember all they have done for you, and take them the very best. Gold Flake is the only thing that has kept my spirits up out there and made life bearable.' So I wrote down the name at once on a piece of paper, because my memory is not what it used to be, and here they are."

The old lady solemnly took one of the smaller boxes, and, beginning with Lamb, who was in the corner bed, went carefully round the ward, to each man in turn and handed him one cigarette. Then, her tour completed, she closed the lid, replaced it in the larger box, and turning to Kilbride, said—

"Perhaps you will carry this for me into one of the other wards."

As soon as they were gone, Ward B. gave itself up to merriment.

"I wonder if my friend, just back from the Front, got more than one cigarette at a time, when she made him a present," remarked Lamb.

"I thought we were going to have a whole box each at least, judging by the size of the outlay," said Viney bitterly.

"And all that long rigmarole, too, made it seem more promising," added Jackson.

"I should like to see old Pettinger's face when she hands him one cigarette," said M'Vean; "it will be as good as the pantomime."

VI. VINEY'S STOUT.

Ward B. were busily engaged in discussing their favorite subject of conversation—the absurd rate of pay for A.S.C. men in the motor transport.

"Do you call it fair," asked M'Vean bitterly, "six shillings a day for the safest job going, miles behind the firing line, and a shilling a day for risking your life every minute in the trenches?"

"You forget that the motor transport requires skilled men," retorted Viney, commonly known to his ward-mates by the unlovely sobriquet "Rotten." "They are mechanics, and anyone can get in the trenches who knows how to sight a rifle."

"Fire a rifle," yelled Jackson, "and what about section drill and platoon drill?"

"You A.S.C. men are so touchy, you know," interrupted Kilbride, "you see an insult in everything. Yesterday I was helping a lady to distribute some books in a ward downstairs, and I saw a Motor Transport man in bed, and I said to him quite innocently, 'Why, you are the first Motor Transport man I have seen wounded. Were you in the neighborhood of Ypres?' and he simply turned on me like an angry bear and growled, 'Ur! Ur! Now, what do you mean by that; don't you think

A.S.C. men are as good as the others?' And I had not meant to hurt his feelings at all."

"And here's old Rotten, who has never been to the front, and has had a fortnight in the army before coming into hospital, given chicken every day, and now he has got round the doctor to put him on stout. And I've had months in the trenches, and no one has ever put me on chicken or stout," murmured the infantile Jones mournfully.

"Well," said the unpopular Viney, raising his head from the copy of "John Bull" in which he had been deeply engrossed, "you may like to know that as Talbot has gone to a convalescent home, I am to have his bottle of stout as well as my own today."

For by one of these inscrutable hospital laws, a patient's meals remain on the diet-sheet 24 hours after his departure, and the surplus food has to be disposed of by means of patients or ward-maids or some other channel. Indeed a patient is frequently at the height of his popularity when he has just left. When dinner-time came Viney drank his bottle of stout with great ostentatious enjoyment, ignoring the universal signs of disapproval around him.

About three o'clock in the afternoon a bottle of stout appeared on the cupboard facing the ward door, and Viney from his seat in the corner eyed it with unconcealed impatience. At last the suspense became intolerable.

"Do you think I might have Talbot's bottle of stout now?" Viney asked Nurse M'Tavish. "I seem to have a terrible thirst this afternoon."

When permission was given, he flew for a corkscrew and opened the bottle with alacrity. A sigh of anticipation and a long drink was followed by an indescribable grimace. The mischievously loving Lamb had filled the empty bottle with a horrible decoction of cold tea,

treacle, and some grains of rice to act as a ferment, and Viney's innate greed had caused the success of the joke.

"I'm poisoned," he gasped, and when the laughter of the ward brought home the point of the joke, his fury knew no bounds.

But next day at dinner-time no bottle of stout was forthcoming.

"Where's my stout?" growled Viney.

"It nearly made you sick yesterday, so what's the use of worrying?" said M'Vean.

"It must be somewhere in the ward," said Jones casually. "I saw it come in."

"You are like a lot of children," said Viney disconsolately. "I suppose you think it funny."

"Well, isn't it?" said Lamb.

Whereupon Viney went to lay his grievance before Nurse M'Tavish.

"I'm on stout, by doctor's orders, and I am entitled to a bottle."

But a careful search proved unavailing, and at last Orderly was sent on a voyage of discovery, with drastic orders not to return empty-handed; but all in vain—no bottle of stout could be found.

At this point Nurse M'Tavish's conscience began to awaken. Her authority was being defied, and a joke was being carried to unpermissible lengths. Armed with a bandage as a symbol of Justice, she walked into the ward and proceeded to question each patient in turn. "Do you know anything about the stout, M'Vean?"

"I have not seen it, Sister."

"You assure me, on your honor?"

"No."

"And you, Lamb?"

"I have not touched it." And so on until every patient had been catechised. A painful pause ensued.

"Then," said Nurse M'Tavish in a strangled voice, "some one has told me a lie. I shall report the matter to the Head Sister. Your conduct is disgraceful, and you are all equally to blame."

"In being accessories after the fact," said Kilbride; but his observation was ignored.

And all the time the missing bottle of stout was reposing beneath the bolster of Viney's bed, as thirteen patients in Ward B. were perfectly well aware.

"In fact, he'd be disappointed if he did happen to find it now," said Jones. "He'd rather have it as a grievance."

But Nurse M'Tavish was really shocked to feel that one of her own patients could tell her a lie. It seemed as if her influence were of little account, and moreover she had quite a vivid conception of the fiery torments to which liars went. So, early in the afternoon, she laid the whole matter before the Head Sister.

"It is not the stout but the lie which I mind so much. I shall never feel the same to those men again," she repeated almost tearfully; and a little later the Head Sister came bustling into Ward B. with the manner of the Lord High Executioner.

"I am most seriously annoyed about this bottle of stout," she began. "A joke carried too far is no joke. There is nothing amusing in such childishness. I shall ask each of you in turn if you hid the bottle of stout, and I shall expect you to speak the truth."

During this dialogue Viney, from his favorite seat in the arm-chair, looked on with deep interest.

"Jones, do you know where the stout is?"

"I would rather not answer that question, Sister, but I had nothing to do with hiding it."

"I hope you are speaking the truth."

"Yes, Sister."

And no one proved more communicative until it was Akerman's turn.

Akerman was busily engaged in writing a letter, and had paid little heed to what was going on in the ward, as deafness prevented him from taking part in general discussions.

"And do you know anything about it. Akerman?" said the Head Sister.

"Yes, Sister," said Akerman, looking up brightly from his writing-pad.

Instantly the light of conquest shone in her eyes, and she stepped forward in triumph. At last the mystery was to be solved.

"What do you know?"

"What is it, Sister?"

The light died away. "About this stout?"

"I don't know anything."

"Then," said the Head Sister, looking solemnly at her watch, "as no one is brave enough to speak the truth in public, I shall sit in my Duty Room for one hour, and during that time I shall expect the culprit to come to me privately and confess his guilt. Otherwise the matter may have to go before the Colonel."

"And that's what you call an ultimatum—what?" said Jones.

"An ultimatum," said Kilbride. "And an ultimatum is always a weak thing unless you have the means to enforce it."

And during the hour which ensued no power proved strong enough to break the conspiracy of silence. The lighter-minded members of the ward joked whenever one of their number left the room.

"You are off to confess, Lamb. Mind you tell her all about it."

"You are only just in time, M'Vean. Five minutes to get it done."

But the allotted hour came and went, and the deed was still unconfessed. Only Kilbride, during the absence of Viney, drew the bottle from its hiding-place and placed it silently and unobserved on the center of the table in the Duty Room. There it was found a few minutes later by the Head Sister, to her undisguised annoyance—for to hide a delinquency is bad, but to find amusement in it is infinitely worse.

And from that day to this the deed

goes unacknowledged and unconfessed. For no one happened to hear Lamb remark to his friend Jones: "It was worth getting old Buchanan to come over from Ward F. to hide the stout for us, if only to see the disgust on Rotten's face when he heard that the Colonel was not going to do anything about the matter after all."

VII. THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL.

There was universal regret when Ward B. learned that Rifleman O'Ryan was to go to a convalescent home. His gift for paying charming compliments, his skill in making rapid sketches in the ubiquitous albums, and his indolent good nature, had endeared him alike to staff nurses, probationers, and fellow-patients. No one ever went to borrow a cigarette or a match from O'Ryan and came away disappointed—even if O'Ryan himself had hastily to appropriate the desired object from the locker of a parsimonious neighbor; and if caught in *flagrante delicto* his charming smile and "Shure I'll pay you back when I get the chance," disarmed criticism.

So it was with deep regret and many prolonged good-byes that O'Ryan left his comrades in Ward B. The long day dragged on to its close, while a sense of loss pervaded everything. The authorities were captious and the patients were fractious, and the rub and tear of hospital life came much in evidence. But at six o'clock just as things were becoming intolerable, the door of the ward was flung open and a heated sergeant entered, followed by the downcast figure of O'Ryan, who flung himself into a chair beside his former bed.

The ward gasped.

"Shure, do you think I'm a ghost," said the indignant O'Ryan, "that you have never a word of welcome for me? I ask you, could I stay in the place and have them slobbering over poor

wounded Tommy a minute longer. It is run for show and self-glorification and not for the comfort of the patients, whatever anyone may say."

"But what did you do, Micky?" asked the irrepressible Lamb, knowing well that there was nothing O'Ryan more resented than to be addressed by an abbreviated patronymic.

But this time, in the stress of his emotion, it passed unnoticed.

"I think the cream of it," began O'Ryan thoughtfully "is that the Colonel came to me just before we started and said that he had specially arranged for me to go to St. Quentin's, as it was one of the most comfortable convalescent homes in the county. And I said 'Shure, I would like it fine, if he could speak well of it,' for he is a mighty hard gentleman to please, as we all know.

"So I started in the motor about three o'clock, and when we got to St Quentin's there was Mrs. Thornicliffe—the Commandant, as I afterwards learned to call her—and a number of Red Cross nurses to greet us on the steps. The first glimpse I had of the ward, I thought it fine, but I little knew then how we were to suffer for its perfections. Yet even then there was something about it that seemed unnatural; everything was in its place, every bed was exactly in line, and everyone was covered with a white quilt with pink roses. How I grew to hate the sight of these roses before I left.

"After we had sat in the hall a little time, and let the ladies fuss over us as wounded heroes, I slipped away quietly; for you know it is not easy to remain a hero after they find you broke your leg by stepping in a hole in the dark in England, and not in leading a forlorn hope in France. So explanations being things that do not hurt by waiting, I left the others to entertain the ladies with their adventures in France. We were all wearing wonderful pale-

brown suits, with bright-red collars and cuffs, which Mrs. Thornicliffe had designed for the hospital; and we all looked like the fellows you see on the seashore, only we did not feel half as cheerful. All the old patients sat by, never saying a word, and looking as dull as ditch-water, until one of them whispered to me—

"It is a terrible hard place to get out of. Mrs. Thornicliffe says it is for our own good she keeps us here, but I often wish she would not have quite so much consideration for us.'

"So I slipped into the ward and began to tidy my things"—here a smile went round the ward, for O'Ryan was notoriously the most untidy man the hospital had ever known—"and when everything was in order, I lay down on my bed to rest, as my leg was beginning to ache. Presently Mrs. Thornicliffe came into the ward, and the moment she saw me she rushed to me like a cat pouncing on a bird.

"Really, O'Ryan, while you are with us you must remember to obey the rules. No smoking is ever allowed in the wards, and no patients may lie on their beds. Just think how it creases them.' It seemed to me if that were the case, the best thing to do was to get out of the ward as quickly as possible; and then, for the first time, I noticed, pinned up on the wall, by the side of the printed regulations for military hospitals, was a typewritten list of rules of their own making—

No smoking is allowed in the ward.

No patient may play cards for money under any circumstances.

No patient may leave the grounds without permission from the Commandant.

and I do not know how many more besides.

"While I was studying them, Mrs. Thornicliffe came along and said—

"I hope you will do your best to

keep the rules, O'Ryan.' And I said—

"Shure, Sister, I come from a law-abiding country, and although I hoped before I came here that there would be no rules and regulations, yet being as there are, I will do my best to please you."

"Instead of looking pleased at my words, she grew as black as thunder, and said—

"Kindly remember not to address me as Sister. I am the Commandant of this hospital. There is no question of obeying rules just when you feel inclined. I am responsible to the War Office for the discipline, and must see that rules are obeyed."

The ward smiled, for O'Ryan's capacity for rule-breaking had been one of his most endearing qualities.

"So I went out and sat in the sitting-room, which was full of fluffy cushions you were not to crease and flowers you might not handle, and I dropped into a hard chair and felt tired of everything. And when tea-time came there was a splendid tea put on the table, but never a thing could I touch. So I said to myself, 'Mick, my boy, this is bad,' and I slipped out of the French window while Mrs. Thornicliffe was busily pouring out cups of tea, and was away out of sight before she missed me. I went through the big gates and down the road to the village, and there stood the Barley Mow ready to my hand, and in a minute I knew what I had been wanting all afternoon. In I went, in my pierrot clothes, round red collar and slashed sleeves, and the barman says to me, 'We are not allowed to serve Mrs. Thornicliffe's patients.' And I says to him straight, 'Mrs. Thornicliffe be hanged. I am a *bona-fide* traveler. Shut your eyes, man, and you will never see the red slashings and Toby collar, and who's to know I am a patient then?' Having a keen eye to business he saw the reason of it, and I gulped down a glass of whisky and was feeling myself again, when poor

old Pat Simmons, who lost his right leg at Armentieres, hobbled past, and I hurried after him and was having a word with him, when I saw Mrs. Thornicliffe making frantic signals to me from the park gate. 'O'Ryan,' she says, in a voice like a bull, 'must I speak to you again? You tell me you wish there were no rules and regulations, but surely you have much to be thankful for, and should obey our few rules gladly. How would you like to be like that poor mutilated man there?' pointing to Pat, who was hobbling along behind.

"With that I lost my temper entirely. 'Is it wishing to insult me, you are?' I cried. 'I may not have been out to the Front yet, but I have looked death in the face more than once in my life, and shall not be afraid to do so again. So why do you compare me with a poor lorn creature who will never know another day's real employment?'

"I am afraid you have been drinking, O'Ryan,' says she in a refrigerator voice. 'Remember I am responsible to the War Office and rank as a lieutenant in the army, and a bad report from me can cancel your sick furlough.'

"Then I had better see Mr. Thornicliffe about it,' I answers.

"Mr. Thornicliffe has nothing whatever to do with the management of this hospital. I am the Commandant.' I saw in a minute how the wind lay. 'Then,' says I, 'will you kindly telephone to the Colonel of the Military Hospital at Blacktown and say I wish to return.' Away she went, looking blacker than ever, and I sat down in the ward on a hard wooden chair and gazed at the roses on the quilts and the red crosses on the curtains of the lockers until my head swam. I was all alone, as everyone else was in the sitting-room, listening to a reciter who was telling them about a little girl who behaved as she should do in hospital,—I believe she died in the end, though:—

"Nay, you remember our Emmie, you used to send her the flowers, How she would smile at 'em, play with 'em, talk to 'em hours after hours. They that can wander at will, where the works of the Lord are revealed, Little guess what joy can be got from a cowslip out of the field.

"Just at this point I heard Mrs. Thornicliffe's voice at the other end of the ward, but it was too dark to see what she was doing. 'He is quite undisciplined,' she was saying. 'He could never have forgotten himself and spoken to me the way he did unless he had been intoxicated. Of course such ingratitude is very rare, but sometimes it almost seems as if one could do too much for the soldiers.'

"'Hush, my dear,' said Mr. Thornicliffe in a soothing voice. 'You must remember all the soldiers have done for us.'

"'But he has never been to the Front,' she said in an injured tone. 'That makes it all the more inexcusable.'

"Just at that moment she caught sight of me, and, sweeping down the ward, said: 'O'Ryan, I have telephoned to the military authorities at Blacktown to tell them that I cannot possibly keep you, as you are quite unamenable to discipline. They are sending an escort for you shortly.'

"For all the world as if she had given orders for a firing party, and I was about to step into my grave. I think I was even gladder than she was when I Blackwood's Magazine.

heard the motor draw up at the door and saw the sergeant get out. She led him into the hall, where I was standing with the other patients—for no one felt inclined to settle to anything while such stirring events were going on,—and she took her finger and pointed at me, saying, 'That's the man.' 'Yes,' says I to the sergeant. 'Shure I am the happy man who is escaping from here.' And with that I stepped into the car, and I am back where you see me now."

Ward B. soothed and pampered O'Ryan until his ruffled feelings were calmed, and no hero returning from the war could have been received with greater honor or listened to with more deference. The authorities, on the other hand, viewed his case with a divided mind—some condemning him as one who had wrongly set discipline at defiance; others who knew Mrs. Thornicliffe, condoning his deeds as those of one who acted under great provocation.

In the fullness of time O'Ryan summed up the situation thus—

"Those convalescent homes are all very well for docile people who like to be fussed over, but for plain downright men like you and me they are no better than a gilt canary cage with glass sides, in which you are afraid to move."

"But O'Ryan was always so headstrong," said the puny Jones admiringly.

AN ACCESSORY AFTER THE FACT.

Poof! how the sun baked down on the little court-house. The county magistrate looked round at the closed windows, and shrugged his shoulders, as it was obvious to him that none of them were made to open.

The object that caused the magistrate to be sitting rather beyond his time, and much against his inclination, was a small boy of some ten years of age, with flaming red hair, white eye-lashes, many freckles on a fair skin,

and bright, peneating, humorous brown eyes. He had been taken up for attempting to pick the pocket of an officer in his Majesty's army. At least, so Police Constable XX 24 said in his evidence; but the officer, who stood there lazily staring through his eyeglass at the small culprit, seemed to have his doubts about the matter. He argued, for instance, how could a boy with any sense think for a moment that an officer in his Majesty's army in war-time would have anything worth stealing on him? And, by Jove! the boy looked as if he had plenty of sense; and he polished up his eyeglass afresh as he glanced at the little ugly face.

The heat did not seem to affect the culprit, who looked round the stuffy room with a fearless eye; he did not seem to have any qualms as to his not being let off. The magistrate was a kindly old man, who was known to come down with a thunder of disapproval on wife-beaters only, or such like.

"But you say, constable, that you did not find anything on the boy that did not belong to him?"

"No, yer Honor. 'E was standin' just lookin' at the captain, idle like, who seemed to be waitin' for some one, as I 'ad seen 'im there for some minutes. Then, yer Honor, I saw the boy, as plain as possible, snatch the 'andkerchief from the captain's sleeve. The captain was standin' like this."

Police Constable XX 24 did a little personal imitation, much to the amusement of the court.

"'E was standin' strokin' 'is mustache with 'is right 'and, an' 'is left was swung careless like across 'is 'ip; an' just peepin' out from the left sleeve was a khaki silk 'andkerchief."

It was then that Police Constable XX 24 collared the culprit and accused him of stealing the handkerchief, telling him to "come along quiet"; and he dragged the captain into the affair, much against his will.

The captain had murmured with surprise, "By Jove! how awfully energetic the local police are, and on this hot day, too! Handkerchief! No, I don't seem to miss it. But if you say I do I suppose I must, as of course you know best, my man."

Then Police Constable XX 24 began to feel an inward uncertainty as he marched the two off.

The magistrate dismissed the case with a warning to the boy to avoid the danger of mixing in bad company.

"Thank ye, yer Honor!" and the boy was gone, but not before both the magistrate and the captain had realized that he had glanced from one to the other with an amused look that spoke volumes.

Captain Mowbray stood for a few moments on the court-steps stroking his mustache, deep in thought. He hailed a waiting taxi-cab, and by a mere movement of his eyebrow ushered a small, red-haired boy therein, who had presumably been awaiting some such result.

When they had driven out of the town about a mile the captain addressed his companion, "I say, my son, it was neatly done, that trick of yours. How did you do it?" The captain turned the light of his eyeglass on the ugly little face.

The boy grinned with fervency into the single eyeglass. "Which sleeve is it up now, sir?"

"Couldn't say at all, my son; you've fairly flabbergasted me. But don't do it again, sonny; it doesn't pay, I promise you. You'll be sorry for it some day."

The brown eyes sought the floor of the cab for a moment, and the captain became engrossed with the passing scenery.

"Sir, you're a real sportsman for not speakin'; an' I didn't want to steal the 'andkerchief; but ye looked so mighty lazy or bored or somethin' that I thought I would like to see what ye

would looklike when ye weren't bored."

"Perhaps you're right, sonny, and it would be better to show a little more feeling, and then I shouldn't arouse the spirit of mischief in the breasts of such as you. And as for not speaking, sonny, why should I when speaking only means further trouble without really mending matters? But think better of it, my son. Any way, I'd be really glad to learn that trick from you. But where did you learn it, by the way?"

"My father learned me a lot of tricks like that; only 'e's in —'Click!'" The boy made a clicking sound with his teeth and lips, and a movement with his right hand as if turning a key in a lock. Then he continued, "An' 'e's not likely to come out yet, an' mother an' I are mighty glad. A father like that doesn't do much good to one in life! Now, sir, which sleeve is the 'andkerchief up?"

"Neither, my boy"; and Captain Mowbray drew the khaki handkerchief from the breast of his tunic.

"When did yer put it there, sir?"

"Directly I felt you put it up my other sleeve."

The boy gasped a moment, but soon recovered his equanimity. "Ye felt me put it there?"

Captain Mowbray nodded, and stifled a yawn.

"Who was that beautiful lady, sir, who drove by? 'Course, if she 'adn't an' you 'adn't saluted, I shouldn't 'ave got the 'andkerchief back without the copper seein'."

Captain Mowbray remembered every single little incident of the afternoon, but the culprit failed to get an answer to his last question.

"Where are you takin' me to, sir?"

"Taking you, my son? Oh, just for a little outing. Thought you might like some lunch."

"Golly!" ejaculated the culprit, and then he gave a long, low whistle.

"Ever thought of going into the army, my son?"

"Yes, sir. I do play the drum in the Boys' Brigade."

Captain Mowbray's eyeglass fell with a faint flop against his tunic. He then opened his mouth as if to speak, but thought better of it. "Ah, well! here we are. Out you pop."

The culprit popped out accordingly. It was at an old-fashioned inn, where they lunched sumptuously on things that well pleased the heart of the culprit.

Captain Mowbray lit a cigarette, tilted back his chair, and watched the boy, who was engrossed with the delightful process of eating gooseberry-tart and cream. "Then I take it from you, sonny, that you have thought of the army?"

"Yes, sir. Got anything goin' that might suit me? Lancers, ain't you?" And he eyed the captain's badges and the ribbons on his breast with a certain amount of awe.

"How old are you, sonny?"

"Eleven goin' on twelve. I'm small for me age, they say; but I guess I ain't wantin' in the upper story."

"No, I guess not."

There was a world of meaning in the captain's reply, and he smiled slightly behind a strong brown hand. "Well, sonny, we want a drummer-boy; the last one went out before I came home on furlough."

"Do you mean dead, sir?"

"Yes, I'm afraid I do. Do you mind risking it? Don't do it if you think by any chance it will bore you, for to be bored is the very worst evil that can happen to you."

"Bored! Lor' lummy! it's the very thing I should like, sir; you just gi' me the chance."

By-and-by "the culprit" had his chance, and he took it like a plucked un.

* * * * *

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"A friend. And take me to the

colonel at once." So spoke a breathless and dusty soldier.

What had been a family mansion was now a mass of tumbled bricks and charred timbers, all except the kitchens and some lean-to out-houses. These were used for the officers' quarters, and the few men that they had left to them were billeted in the cellars beneath the wreck of what once had been a beautiful French chateau. They were supposed to be taking a well-earned rest, but had come in contact with several stray scouting companies of the enemy, and had lost a number of good men; and now they were awaiting fresh orders. They thought they would be required to escort some long-delayed transports, but the orders had not come yet.

"Yes; what is it?"

"He's missing, sir!" It was the breathless soldier who spoke; he was a sergeant, and had come back with his three men from doing scouting duty.

"Who's 'he,' might I ask?" snapped the colonel.

"Our drummer, sir; Sunny Jim."

"Want some men and an order to go back and look for him, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, off with you. He's the most amusing monkey I've ever come across, and I'd be very sorry if he got into the enemy's hands—Yes, Captain Mowbray, what can I do for you?"

"Will you order me to go with the party, sir? You know that he is my protege."

"Oh, very well, if you must I suppose you must; but, mind, great care. No lives must be lost, and our position must on no account be given away."

They went, that small band of men. They hunted about for the better part of the scorching afternoon, and at last they found him in a small copse not far away from the chateau. He lay there quite still and frightfully wounded

beneath a silver birch-tree, the white bark of which was bespattered with his young blood. Captain Mowbray stooped over him and felt the lad's heart, which was still faintly beating; then he lifted the light body in his strong arms.

As the small band passed the sentry, and he challenged them with the old words of "Who goes there?" as if in answer the eyelids fluttered and lifted themselves off the brown eyes, and they looked straight into Captain Mowbray's lazy gray ones, as he put the little figure gently on the ground out of the sun, in the shelter of a pile of bricks.

"I kept 'em away, sir, an' I'm going out like the other chap did."

The eyes closed once more and Captain Mowbray supported the young head on his knee. Then the voice uttered a few unintelligible words and again was silent; he was evidently going fast. Suddenly he again opened his eyes as the surgeon stooped over him.

"Hopeless?" The captain formed the one word with his lips, and the surgeon answered, "Quite!"

"Captain, stoop lower. I—I—want to whisper something. Sir"—

The captain stooped lower, and took one of the little, dirty, blood-stained hands in his. "Yes, my son, I can hear. Is it anything that you want?"

The brown eyes opened wider, and a weak laugh came from the poor, drawn lips. "Thank ye, sir, for once more callin' me that. What was it—that—the magistrate said ye would—have been—if—if he had found out—that you had helped—me—out of that scrape?"

"An accessory after the fact."

"Yes—that was it. An' if ye ever told any lies—in court—what would he have said then?"

"That I had committed perjury."

The smile still lingered on the lips.

Captain Mowbray and the surgeon thought that he was gone, and had not heard the captain's last answer; but they were mistaken, for as the surgeon put out his hand to sign to the other man to put the boy down he suddenly half-raised himself, and the weak voice seemed quite strong again.

"We're quits now, sir. I told 'em that I had run away miles—an' did not know where I was—an' the more they hurt me an' the more they made me talk the more lies I told. Put me down now, sir; I'm afraid I've dirtied your clothes. I'm a long while goin', sir. I'm sure you're really bored this time. I"—

Captain Mowbray's eyeglass fell with a sudden tinkle against the boy's breast; but he did not notice it. The captain took it carefully up and polished it with a dirty handkerchief, before fixing it in his eye again.

Again the boy raised himself, and the badly mangled hand went up to Chambers's Journal.

the flaming red hair with his last salute, and again he laughed, but this time with almost his natural strength, and fell back against the captain's knee for the last time. For he had gone on his last long journey.

"Yes, quits, my son! But I'm on the right side this time."

Then the captain laid the little body gently down, and took from his breast a khaki silk handkerchief, with which he covered the small ugly face.

Yes, quits! And the men who were standing there bareheaded saw that the captain's eyeglass wanted a deal of polishing.

Again the hot sun beat down as they dug the grave of Sunny Jim, and there was not a dry eye there, from the colonel downward, as the solemn words were read over him: "Dust to dust!" And afterwards, when they were relieved, not a man forgot to salute the tiny grave as they went away.

THE NEMESIS OF NEUTRALITY.

President Wilson's plea for an army adequate for the defense of the United States, and presumably for the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine (on the essential importance of which he insisted), was something quite new in a Democratic Message. This, together with his excoriating denunciation of the German-Americans who have turned against their adopted country in the criminal interests of the country of their origin, and his recent uncompromising demand for the recall of the German Attaches, is a sign that Nemesis has overtaken him. He tried to be neutral in his attitude to the issues of the war, and now events are proving too strong for him. We do not mean of course, that he was wrong in his determination to remain physi-

cally neutral—to remain neutral in the ordinary sense of taking no part in the fighting. Certainly he was well advised in that, and in any case we have no right or duty to criticise him. But what is fairly open to our judgment and criticism is his paradoxical attempt to remain neutral on a moral issue. It is this attempt which is now being visited by Nemesis. Mr. Wilson's new military policy, and his refusal to allow the German Attaches and German-American intriguers to try to drag American industries down to ruin, are all to the good, and have naturally been received with much favor in the United States. But is it not true that these sound acts have been imposed upon Mr. Wilson by the force of circumstances, and by nothing else? At

the beginning of the war he set up a paradox that the moral issues of the war did not concern Americans. The vast majority of American citizens thought otherwise; but Mr. Wilson went on his way, and now this new Message shows that his notion that the Germans and the Allies were all good fellows, unhappily engaged in quarrelling about some European policies which could not possibly concern the United States, cannot any longer be sustained. The moral issue touches him very closely indeed.

The strange thing is that his belief in a bogus form of neutrality still attracts and haunts him. One can see it passing spectrally through his Message, and causing him to say things which are in contradiction of his new policy, and indeed making his principles mutually destructive. The denunciation of the German-Americans who have conspired criminally is all plain enough. But having seemed to be inspired up to this point by the fine scorn and indignation of a just ruler who sees the peaceful order of American life being thrown off the line by every kind of vile conspiracy, he then yields to his old paradox that he must keep the balance even on a small issue. Having flayed the sympathizers with Germany, he must at least chastise the sympathizers with the Allies. He shuts his eyes to the fact that all the troubles which have been brought upon the world, and in a very large measure upon America herself, are purely fruits of a debased morality—the result of Germany's immoral determination to tear up all treaties, disregard all civilized customs, and renounce all scruples which stand in the way of her lust for domination. He therefore goes on to say:—

I wish it could be said that only a few men, misled by mistaken sentiments of allegiance to the Governments under which they were born, have been

guilty of disturbing the self-possession and misrepresenting the temper and principles of the country during these days of terrible war, when it would seem that every man who is truly American would instinctively make it his duty and his pride to keep the scales of judgment even and prove himself a partisan of no nation but his own. But it cannot. There are some men among us and many residents abroad, who, though born and bred in the United States, and calling themselves Americans, have so far forgotten themselves and their honor as citizens as to put their passionate sympathy with one or other side in the great European conflict above their regard for the peace and dignity of the United States. They also preach and practise disloyalty.

He says as precisely as ever that Americans have "no part or interest in the policies which seem to have brought the conflict on."

Shall we appear to overstate our feelings if we say that we are shocked, and that our blood freezes at the deliberation and detachment of those words? "No part or interest in the policies which seem to have brought the conflict on"! No part or interest in the tyrannical suppression of the tiny State of Serbia, no part or interest in the violation of the solemn pledge to respect the integrity of Belgium, no part or interest in the long preparations for setting at naught everything that stands for the sanctity of international good faith on which the relations of the various peoples were gradually being established and on which the hopes for the future of mankind depended! These things were not worth even a protest. Here was an issue between right and wrong if ever there was one, even before the horrors of Belgium were committed. We should be grieved indeed to think that the day will ever come when Americans cannot be found passionately to take the side of right against wrong even at the cost of dis-

turbing the "self-possession" of a State Department at Washington. Thank Heaven! there are Americans in countless numbers who are not afraid even to use the language of exaggeration when they contemplate the significance for their own country, as well as for the rest of the world, of Germany's attempt to substitute blood and iron and terror for the sanctions of international good faith.

In Wordsworth's lines:—

High Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely calculated less or more.

It is the nicety of the calculation that petrifies us. Mr. Roosevelt has called Mr. Wilson a "Byzantine logothete," by which we imagine he meant that he was a mere phrase-maker—a "Byzantine baboo," so to speak. But in its primary sense a "logothete" means one who audits accounts—a meaning which Mr. Roosevelt may like to associate with Mr. Wilson's literary flourish about "strict accountability."

If Mr. Wilson were not a man of notorious high-mindedness, we should think that the user of many of the arguments which appear in his Message had an eye only to a future Presidential election. Much in the Message almost suggests the "Editor's Creed" as set forth by Lowell. The balance which The Spectator.

will avoid all offense to clients is disconcertingly perfect:—

This gives you a safe pint to rest on,
An' leaves me frontin' South by North.

One passage in the Message leaves us really bewildered. It is this:—

We insist upon security in prosecuting our self-chosen lines of national development. We do more than that, we demand it also for others. We do not confine our enthusiasm for individual liberty and free national development to incidents, movements, and affairs which affect only ourselves. . . . We have made common cause with all partisans of liberty on this side of the sea, and deemed it as important that our neighbors should be as free from all outside domination as we ourselves should be.

That is excellently said and excellently sound, but why should Mr. Wilson withhold any expression of sympathy from us poor people in Europe who fight for nothing more than this same security? We do not fight to force anything on anybody. Why does he denounce those who do passionately sympathize with his principle when it is put into practice? We cannot think of any answer, and we should be enormously grateful to anyone who could persuade Mr. Wilson to say what his answer may be.

THE CONVERSATION BOOK.

I 'ave a conversation book; I brought it
out from 'ome,
It tells the French for knife an' fork an'
likewise brush an' comb;
It learns you 'ow to ast the time, the
names of all the stars,
An' 'ow to order hoysters an' 'ow to buy
cigars.
But there ain't no shops to shop in,
there ain't no grand hotels,
When you spend your days in dugouts
doin' 'olesale trade in shells;

It's nice to know the proper talk for
theatres an' such—
But when it comes to talkin', why, it
doesn't 'elp you much.
There's all them friendly kind o' things
you'd naturally say
When you meet a feller casual-like an'
pass the time o' day—
Them little things as breaks the ice an'
kind o' clears the air,
Which, when you turn the phrase book
up, why, them things isn't there!

I met a chap the other day a-roostin' in
a trench,
'E didn't know a word of ours nor me
a word o' French;
An' 'ow it was we managed, well, I
cannot understand,
But I never used the phrase book,
though I 'ad it in my 'and.

I winked at 'im to start with; 'e grinned
from ear to ear;
An' 'e says "Tipperary" an' I says
"Sooveneer";
'E 'ad my only Woodbine, I 'ad 'is thin
cigar,
Which set the ball a-rollin', an' so—
well, there you are!
Punch.

I showed 'im next my wife an' kids, 'e
up an' showed me 'is,
Them little funny Frenchy kids, with
'air all in a frizz;
"Annette," 'e says, "Louise," 'e says,
an' 'is tears begun to fall;
We was comrades when we parted, but
we'd 'ardly spoke at all.

'E'd 'ave kissed me if I'd let 'im, we
'ad never met before,
An' I've never seen the beggar since, for
that's the way o' war;
An', though we scarcely spoke a word,
I wonder just the same
If 'e'll ever see them kids of 'is . . . I
never ast 'is name!

AMERICA MAKES READY.

The coming season in Washington is one of extraordinary interest to the student of the Great Neutral's affairs. For the Government, reviewing a period which the *New York Tribune* calls "the most disgraceful and shameful in American history," are resolved upon huge military preparations by land and sea. Equally resolved upon a policy of "Keep Out" are the cosmopolitan masses, whose attitude is perfectly expressed by the *Tribune* itself—perhaps the sanest, most conservative journal in the United States.

"There are thousands of Americans who hope to see the Allies win," this able newspaper reminds us; "but there are millions totally unconcerned." The thousands, let me explain, are the cultured and traveled elite, so well known and welcomed in Europe; the millions are America in the mass, whom official Germany despises as the one nation of negligible military strength. To Berlin, America's professed humanity is mere sentiment. America's murdered citizens are redeemable at \$5,000 a head, as per invoice in the *Lusitania* deal.

Each minatory Note of Dr. Wilson was effectively countered by the German Press. "What harm can America do?" asks the *Montag Zeitung*. "She has no army and her fleet must stay at home. Her threats are ridiculous." We have seen the malign power of the German-American, his outrageous propaganda of arson and bombs so bitterly revealed by the Press of the Atlantic coast.

German agents are busy in Mexico and Brazil, in Chile and the Argentine. "What can America do?" The mischievous query runs from Valparaiso to Vera Cruz, till American prestige is undermined and all the old warnings of statesmen take a deeper note in American minds. "Carry the Big Stick and speak softly," was Theodore Roosevelt's counsel these ten years. "Build and maintain your Navy, or quit trying to be a great nation."

Rear-Admiral R. D. Evans, Roosevelt's naval adviser, told the nation that conditions were utterly changed. "Time was," I heard that earnest sailor say, "when we were self-contained. We had no colonies, were apart from all ri-

vals, and so remained for forty years after the Civil War. But what's our new position? We hold the great Philippine group, near Japan. We have Hawaii and Guam in the Pacific. We're the guardians of Cuba and San Domingo. Puerto Rico is also ours, and there's the Panama Ditch to defend, just as Britain does the Suez Canal. Lastly, there's the Monroe Doctrine defending the two Americas against further European encroachment." In a word, the American writ was to run from Alaska to the Argentine.

War-Secretary Dickinson and General Wood, Chief of Staff, sent to Congress a secret document on America's unpreparedness for war. It was shown that in thirty days 200,000 troops could be landed on the Pacific coast by "a foreign country." And in the three States west of the Rockies—California, Oregon and Washington—there were but 3,000 Regulars to meet this invasion and 5,000 raw Militia.

Mr. C. J. Bonaparte, a former Naval Minister, likewise appealed for a powerful fleet. "I ask for Congress a hearty support from public opinion in liberal provision for national defense." The veteran General F. D. Grant raised a shrewd voice; high Staff officers like General Nelson A. Miles explained how "the existence of a free Government depends on the principles and character of its defenders."

All this seed fell upon unresponsive ground, because "Bryanism" or peace-at-any-price is an abiding factor in the United States. The melting-pot of nations sees Life itself as sufficient battle. Here all the world's races compete and see to the north of them a frontier line of three thousand miles without a single soldier to guard it, or a gunboat on the Great Lakes. Magyar and Pole, Italian and Dane, Irish and German, Bulgar and Greek—all these, and more, work side by side in keenest competition. Then why should States have less

wisdom than untutored individuals?

"Force," Mr. W. J. Bryan tells his people, "represents the old system. Suasion is the new way of universal brotherhood." The famous pacifist would close the ancient Book of History and hide the smears of blood on every page. "Already the jingoes of our own land have caught rabies from the dogs of war! Shall opponents of organized slaughter be silent while this disease spreads? Surely some nation must lead the world out of the black night of war into the light of day, where swords are beaten into ploughshares. Why not make that honor ours?" And the visionaries echo "Why?"—especially people who live a thousand miles from any sea and view war as an imbecility too wicked for decent words.

Hence three schools of opinion, of which Bryan's is by far the most powerful, though not so loud. Then there is Roosevelt's party, which ridicules "a milk-and-water policy" set against one of blood and iron. The ex-President pours scorn on America's "ignoble part," and the military weakness which has made her contemptible. Yet his "Big Stick" policy has no great following.

Dr. Wilson is naturally reticent. With perfect grasp of internal difficulties, the President masks his purpose for the time in cautious platitude and Biblical quotation. Mr. Bryan opposes both his rivals. Roosevelt (he says) may well defend militarism by Old Testament quotations—Does not the rough-riding Colonel consider Christ a bit of a mollycoddle? But the late State Secretary did not expect Dr. Wilson to misrepresent Ezekiel, "who only favored resistance to attack"—a condition which does not threaten America.

And truly our outlook is not that of the United States at all. Says the *New York Tribune*: "It is an inexcusable blunder for the British to persist in the notion that America sees things as they

do, or accepts the British view that this war is for civilization. . . . There is no appreciation of the fact—if it be a fact—that America's future is being settled on European battlefields." For which reason the American people will sharply challenge the preparations to which the Federal Government are now committed in view of foreign and domestic humiliations suffered during the Great War.

I am often asked "Why have they endured these affronts?" I reply that cosmopolitanism—the struggle for wealth and the jarring elements of population—tend to blunt the national spirit. In New York City alone dwell 800,000 Jews; and the Germans wield formidable powers in industry, banking, and finance. The very day that President Wilson sent the second *Lusitania* Note, Mr. Meyer, an ex-Minister of Marine and the son of a German immigrant, warned the nation that Prussia would put her words into deeds. "And woe betide the country," added this ex-Cabinet Minister of the United States, "that dares to range herself on the side of Germany's foes!"

Meanwhile Washington is arming on a great scale, feeling it absurd that Portugal, with a smaller population than Ohio, should maintain a greater army than America, which has a hundred millions to draw upon and guard on a Continental scale. The new campaign opened last December when, at the opening of Congress, Mr. A. P. Gardner, of Massachusetts, threw a bomb-shell into the "general policy of peace, with its trust in isolation, reserves of untrained men, and all our unorganized wealth."

Mr. Gardner's speech fired the United States. If Japan could send troops to Europe, she could land them far more easily on American soil. A National Security Commission was called for, "to inquire into our weakness and study foreign systems." The report of Gen-

eral Wotherspoon, late Chief of Staff, was sufficiently alarming, for on a peace footing the mobile army consisted only of 2,738 officers and 51,344 men, with 746 officers and 17,201 men for coastal defense.

Even this small force was scattered in island jungles and Alaskan snows, in China, Mexico, and the Canal zone. As for the Militia of the various States, these men are expected to put in twenty-four hours' drill in a twelvemonth, yet a very large proportion failed in this! For the U. S. Cavalry General Wotherspoon could only find 550 horses. Of transport wagons the State Militia were 5,836 short, and the Artillery needed 316 more guns to bring it up to barest requirements.

America had the men, of course, it was pointed out. But war is no longer a leisurely affair like that of North against South, which took two full years of military development.

The late Chief of Staff would use the Federal Army as a training school for American soldiers—a two or three years' course, then five years in the reserve until a powerful force, at least 500,000 strong and perfectly equipped, was ready for instant action. The Swiss system was pointed out as the selfless ideal of national defense—efficient, democratic, and of small cost.

War-Secretary Garrison will accordingly present Dr. Wilson with a new army program calling for half a million men in the first line, equipment for as many more, a new military academy—another West Point—on the Pacific coast, and more big guns for coast defense. A strong committee has been formed of Cabinet Ministers, Senators, and Congressmen. There is also a Board of Inventors, with the great Edison at its head. Both President Wilson and Naval-Secretary Daniels are agreed upon doubling the naval estimates of the next five years at a cost of \$248,000,000.

America's inventive genius is to be mobilized. "War of today," Mr. Edison says, "is a matter of machinery and brains. Had we twenty years ago possessed such a Board as we have now we should be controlling the airplane and submarine." Battle and scout cruisers of enormous size and power, mine-layers and destroyers are to be laid down at once in State and private yards. The new electric Dreadnought *California* is a novel warship of 32,000 tons, of which great things are predicted.

Capital ships have pride of place—though Washington held its hand for a while, undecided till that mighty war of wits between Fisher and Von Tirpitz showed the submarine to be after all the inferior factor in sea-power. On the army, too, huge sums are to be spent, linking up the Federal forces with the State Militias in the manner proposed by the so-called Dick Law, a shrewd enough measure which fell flat in piping times of peace.

So not all the guns and munitions of American make are for the Allies. Vast quantities are turned over to the U. S. Government by the famous factories of Bethlehem and Bridgeport, Hartford, Springfield, and Waterbury. Newspapers and magazines trumpet the "Get Ready!" note. Politicians repeat President Wilson's Ezekiel message to Mr. Seth Low: "But if the Watchman see the sword . . . and The Outlook.

the people be not warned——"

Meanwhile Mr. Bryan and his followers sing of Peace and prepare to fight for it in the coming session of Congress. They decry all "preparations," and express utter horror at the sight of "the most civilized and enlightened nations of Europe grappling in death struggles—absorbed in retaliations and competitive cruelties, blind to all neutral rights and deaf to humanity's appeal."

Into this protest Colonel Roosevelt crashes in deep diapason of scorn. So the American curtain rises on a lively scene, with "Keep Out!" as the people's cue and "Get Ready!" that of the Government and their professional advisers, already embarked on a campaign of national warning and teaching so as to show where national danger lies. It will be strange indeed if, from the welter of this World-War—which leaves the belligerents poor and prone—the pacifist United States emerges as a military Power, formidable alike on land and sea.

Lord Rosebery finds this "a disheartening prospect," but those of America's inner counsels who know the problems to be faced have one fear only—that due awakening and adequate preparation may come too late for national salvation.

Ignatius Phayre.

THE TALK OF PEACE.

During the past week the atmosphere has been surcharged with peace talk, peace rumors, and a general sense that peace may be coming a good deal nearer than has hitherto been supposed possible. When we say this we are not, of course, thinking of Mr. Ford's ridiculous "Peace Jolly." Mr. Ford is a great advertiser and a great industrial or-

ganizer, but the notion of his being able to make peace is about as sensible as the notion of Mr. Asquith or Lord Lansdowne making a motor-car. It is an amusing example of the transatlantic view, or rather the view of a portion of our American kinsfolk, that because a man is very rich he is therefore entitled to thrust his hand into the

delicate machinery of peace and war, and to forbid a struggle which, judging from the point of view of dollar diplomacy, he considers wasteful and unnecessary. We need not, however, bother about Mr. Ford. He will soon find that he has entered a region where private wealth will not serve him, and where men whom he could buy up a thousand times over will have far more power in the ultimate decision than he and all his fellow-millionaires and fellow-self-advertisers. The mighty issues fraught with the destinies of Europe—that is, of half mankind—will be handled, in the first place, by great statesmen, great soldiers, great sailors, and great diplomatists, and the final verdict will be given by the general voice of the contending peoples. Self-important and boisterous, if well-meaning, gentlemen like Mr. Ford will exercise no more real influence upon them than the fly who sits upon the wheel and imagines that it makes it go round.

If we turn from Mr. Ford's comic relief to the serious side of the peace problem, it may be worth while to lay down once more some of the conditions which will govern the Allies in dealing with German and Austrian offers when they do come, either directly or indirectly, for their "first feelers" will, in fancy, not be long delayed. This does not mean, of course, that there is any immediate prospect of peace, but, just as happened in the Seven Years' War, the Germans will in all probability think that they may put themselves right with some of the neutrals, and especially improve their much-damaged position in America, if they appear to be very reasonable in regard to peace terms. Now to make a peace you have not only to consider the terms of peace, but with whom the peace is to be made. We want on the present occasion to deal shortly with the matter from both these points of view. First as to the terms. This is a comparatively easy problem.

They remain in principle the terms stated by Mr. Asquith at the beginning of the war:—

We shall never sheathe the sword until Belgium recovers in full measure all, and more than all, that she has sacrificed, until France is adequately secured against the menace of aggression, until the rights of the smaller nationalities of Europe are placed upon an unassailable foundation, and until the military domination of Prussia is wholly and finally destroyed.

To this, of course, must now be added the condition that Serbia must not merely be re-established among the nations, but that her courage, her constancy, and her loyalty to the Allies must be rewarded by the creation of a Greater Serbia, while the unhappy Bulgarian people must, if they persist in their policy of treachery and cruelty, receive the punishment they deserve. Again, Poland must be evacuated by Germany, and when we say Poland we mean not only Russian Poland but Prussian Poland also. It is, however, premature to go further beyond Mr. Asquith's general statement. More important at the present moment is it to make it clear that when we make peace we mean to make a lasting and not a patched-up peace. We are fighting for security and for nothing else, and that security we must obtain unless our peace terms are to form but a stepping-stone to a new war such as is already being looked forward to by many Germans. For example, the *Times* correspondent in New York tells us that the well-known Professor of Harvard, Dr. Munsterberg, after declaring that peace will come sooner than most of us expect, adds that the first feeling of Germany when she comes home from the war will be to rebuild her barracks, and that "ultimately the physical test will have to be renewed." In other words, Germany will prepare for a second war, as Rome

after the first Punic War prepared for the second, and after the second for the third. We can tell Professor Munsterberg that the Allies fully realize this without his kind enlightenment, and mean to take steps to prevent a recurrent war.

The first, perhaps the most important, step in making peace a real peace is to take care that it is made with the right and not with the wrong people. If we make peace with the German Emperor and the ruling military and Junker caste in Germany, or rather in Prussia, all we shall do will be to help to keep in place the enemies of peace and of mankind—the men who willed the war, and made the war, and very nearly succeeded in crushing out human liberty. We are not going to help to rivet Prussian chains and Prussian tyranny upon the rest of Germany, and to allow the sharpening of a new sword against ourselves, merely for the pedantic reason that we can only deal with the *de facto* Government and must not look beyond the Lords of War. What we must do is to follow the example set, and wisely set, by Germany herself in 1871. The newly founded German Empire refused to make peace with Gambetta's heroic Provisional Government. They had no assurance, they declared, that that Government really represented the people of France. Accordingly they stated that they could only treat with a body elected *ad hoc* by the nation. The National Assembly was called into existence by the Germans in order that Germany might secure a firm foundation for peace, and bind the whole country, not merely the Government, by the Treaty of Frankfort. We must do the same. When we make peace it must be with the German people.

Once more, the terms of peace must provide security, and security not merely for the Allies, but for the whole world. The Germans have set fire to one half

of the globe, and we must not give them any opportunity to try to recoup themselves for their disaster—for such it is—by setting fire to the other half. No doubt if we were to be so mad as to leave the Germans with their Fleet intact, even if we had diminished their territory, exacted a huge indemnity, and reinstated the possessors of the lands they had ruined, they would try, like the logical people they are, to call a new Germany into existence to redress the balance in their favor. Europe having proved too hard a nut to crack, they would turn their eyes upon America. They would say of the South American Continent as Marshal Blucher said of London: "What a continent to plunder!" Next, they would methodically work out plans for the conquest and control of South America, a preliminary, if the United States objected, being, of course, the destruction of the American Fleet and the holding of the great coastal cities to ransom. A certain number of people here and in France and Russia who take superficial views of world-policy, and who have been annoyed by President Wilson's type of neutrality, will no doubt be inclined to declare that action of this kind would be no business of ours, and that the Americans, owing to their indirect encouragement of Germany by protesting against our blockade and so forth, would merit all they got. That, however, would be a very ignoble way of looking at the matter. In the first place, the moment the harring of America actually began, the feeling for our own flesh and blood—far stronger in the parent than in the child—would flame up here and make us stand forth as the protagonists of the Monroe Doctrine. Whatever some of our people might say owing to temporary annoyance with America for the somewhat sorry part played by her Government during the war, we should never stand seeing New York and Boston bombard-

ed by the German Fleet or the Panama Canal seized and fortified by Germany.

We must not only conquer the Germans, and conquer them thoroughly, and make it impossible for them to relight the flames of war in Europe. We must muzzle the savage dog when we have tied him up, and so prevent him fastening his teeth on any part of the globe. Even if our determination to do this should prolong the war by another

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six months, it will be worth while. We have had enough war for one generation, and we must be prepared to make any sacrifice required to prevent its recurrence. We have told the world that we are fighting for the cause of humanity, and we must prove it by our acts. The peace must be a real peace, and not merely a breathing-space in which to prepare for fresh wars.

THE NUNS OF YPRES.

Searching down memory's dim byways for the fading ghosts of my childhood, there comes floating, calm, unannounced, out of some unmapped region of the past, the vision of a young woman who became a nun. I cannot remember her distinctly. For a long time after that event her photograph used to stand on a little table in my mother's drawing room, and a photograph (you must have noticed this) obliterates the real image of a person; it is unfortunately so much easier to remember, that in the end it replaces it altogether. But I remember well the "feeling" she gave me; and that during the cheerful hubbub of tea-table talk, it was pleasant to sidle up near where she was sitting and stay there, and that her smile was much more delightful than other people's effusiveness. I remember, too, the discussion, for the most part indignant, which broke out when her decision was taken. I gathered vaguely that my friend was henceforward as good as dead, or that she had gone at any rate into a kind of prison, out of which she would never return. Some time afterwards (it must have been towards the end of her novitiate) we drove a long way into the country and came at last to high walls with trees peeping over it—so that was where she was. Her mother got out and we drove home.

Perhaps these early impressions have had something to do with the fact that I have always liked nuns; while monks—at any rate young ones—have always inspired in me a kind of instinctive semi-physical antipathy, such as some people say they feel for cats. Perhaps I have been unfortunate in my encounters with them; but the cramped expression in their faces, a restless, smouldering look, very different from the calm self-withdrawn expression of nuns, have impressed me unfavorably. Asceticism which does not bring peace has always seemed to me rather a hideous thing.

But it was not till December, 1914, that I got to know any nuns. I was at Ypres, attached to an ambulance unit working for the French, who were then holding that part of the line. After the battle of Calais they had relieved the English, who in turn came up and took over most of it again early in January, just before the first gas attack. We Red Cross people worked with the nuns, and without their help we could have done little for the civilians, who were continually being wounded or blown to pieces by shell fire. Ypres, we are told, is now entirely ruined, and an absolutely deserted town. In December, 1914, there were still whole streets intact. Many of the inhabitants were living in caves or tunnels running into the ban-

of the Yser canal, formerly used to keep wagons or barrels in. These poor troglodytes led a wretched existence; and when they sallied out of their smelly dark holes in search of food or oil or candles, from time to time one or two of them would get maimed or killed. Behind some shuttered, or shattered houses, other people were still living, and it was not uncommon to pass an old woman with a basket on her arm or a respectable citizen hurrying along the empty streets, while now and again a crash, followed by a cloud of smoke, showed that another shell had fallen into the town. I see from my diary that I bought a dozen extra knives and forks in Ypres in preparation for our Christmas dinner, and two frying pans. One had to get into the shop through the private house next door, but commerce was going on in a fashion. How tenacious people are of their homes and habits! There was a farm situated in our salient, about a mile in front of Ypres, where a farmer and his daughter were still living. The mother had been killed, and in the house was a woman sick and dying of a wound. The shells of both sides whizzed and whistled over their heads to and fro; their fields were pitted with holes; but the girl, still rosy and robust, continued to milk the cows and her father to take the milk every day into Ypres. But since people would not leave their homes, there were, of course, a good many casualties among them, and the only hospital was a long room fitted up by the Friends' Ambulance Unit in the Jesuit Lunatic Asylum. Four nuns undertook the nursing. Their devotion is what I remember now with immense respect. They were not only very hard working but extremely cheerful and secure from any touch of fear. It was not a safe place. The railway station and the water tower (constant marks) were quite close, and there was a French battery among the willows, some two hundred yards across the road,

which the German shells were always trying to find. Nothing, however, came very near (a few dropped in the long field in front sometimes), till one morning several hit the building. The chapel collapsed, leaving the spire sitting like a huge extinguisher in the middle of the wreckage, another burst into the front door, another into the corridor outside the ward. This is a mistake—bad shooting, we thought; some new fool the other end has got the wrong range. But when an inquisitive Taube appeared and the same thing happened the next day, it was decided that it would be better to pack up and go. The new quarters in the town were very inconvenient for a hospital. The nuns began to press to go back, and after a few days they got their way—and there after all they kept Christmas. A Christmas without children is a flat feast, but nuns are every bit as good as children.

There were only five other nuns, as far as I knew, in Ypres. They lived in a half-demolished convent in the town, and it was there that people injured in the streets were often first taken. I had two kinds of associations with their kitchen; one set extraordinarily pleasant and the other as painful. One of the sisters seemed to me a reincarnation of the friend of my childhood. She spoke very little, and I seemed to remember her smile. The kitchen was the warmest place for miles around, where one could be sure of a welcome and a glass of sweet yellow wine. The last time I remember it, two women were lying groaning and writhing and sobbing on the floor, and the nuns were bending beside them, trying to soothe them in their pain and terror. My friend (for so I thought of her, though I had spoken to her perhaps less than to the others) beckoned to me. I did not understand what she was saying; it was something about someone being such a good girl. I followed her down a passage to the ruined refectory, and there was the body of a young

woman covered with sacking. Her face, when uncovered, looked stern and revengeful. "She was only nineteen," said the nun. We went back again to the kitchen. The bandaging had been done, and when I last saw the nuns of The New Witness.

Ypres they were standing in the rain, round the end of the ambulance, speaking some words of comfort to the women lying on the stretchers in the darkness inside.

Desmond MacCarthy.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Dr. Alexander Fuehr's volume on "The Neutrality of Belgium" (Funk & Wagnalls Co.) is written avowedly from the German viewpoint, and endeavors to prove that Belgium was not neutral territory when Germany invaded it; that the treaty guaranteeing Belgium's neutrality had been void for many years, and had been so regarded by Great Britain; and that, even if it had been in force, international law fully permitted Germany to invade Belgium under the particular circumstances. It is an ingenious piece of special pleading, but it will scarcely convince anyone who is not already convinced.

The most helpful thoughts of the world's greatest writers, pointing the way to contentment and happiness, have been arranged topically by Beverly R. Potter and published under the enticing title of "The Paths of Peace." There is originality in the arrangement, for the topics have been so selected that they form a continued argument, beginning with Philosophy and ending in Success, concerning the meaning and purport of this earthly existence. The ages are thrown in haphazard, as it were, but the idea is continuous. For instance; the first chapter, on Philosophy, runs thus—Montaigne, Spencer (Herbert), Bacon, Cicero, yet the thought slips from one excerpt to another almost like some careful essay. There is a great catholicity of selection. John C. Winston Company.

The art of much in little seems to be the especial goal that John Troland sets

for his striving. Certainly the best poems by far in his collection, called "Wild Posies" (Sherman, French & Co.), are not the more ambitious lays he sings of posies, wild and garden-grown, floral and human; but the snatches of song, four or five lines long, which he sets, each by itself. Each one is a wild posy, a thought caught as it flitted by and set into the short measure of verse.

A glint of summits yet unscaled;
A trail of treasure to be found;
A shimmering of seas unsailed;
A skyward arch that strikes the ground:
To read this dream the most I ask
Is fitness for my present task.

"Scally"—otherwise Excalibur—who gives his name to Ian Hay's latest story (Houghton Mifflin Co.)—is a puppy, who emerges whimpering, with a brick attached to his neck, from a pond to which some unappreciative person has consigned him, and enters upon a career of devoted attachment to his rescuers, showing himself, at every stage of his career, the "perfect gentleman" which he is declared to be, in the sub-title. He shares in, or more properly, watches a pretty romance, and divides the interest of the reader with the wooer and wooed. The story is in Ian Hay's most characteristic and humorous vein, and the only grievance which the reader will have against it—and that a serious one—is that it is not four or five times as long.

Boyd Cable's "Between the Lines" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) is a series of vivid

sketches of what is going on between the lines in the western theatre of war, and also of what may be read between the lines of the official dispatches. These fourteen sketches were all written at the front, in the midst of charges and counter-charges, trench-building and trench-taking. They present the typical Tommy Atkins—rough, good-humored, daring—and they make real and vivid not only the things that he does, but the things that he feels. Of all the multitudinous books about the war, not one has brought it nearer or presented more graphic pictures of its daily happenings. There is no straining after effect, no attempt at fine writing; and it is well that the sketches are so touched with humor or their graphic quality would make them painful reading. As it is, its very directness and simplicity give it fascination. Such stories as "The Mine," "Nothing to Report" and "A Hymn of Hate" are not easily forgotten.

The exceedingly conservative views expressed by Dr. Felix Adler in his book, "Marriage and Divorce," will make it unwelcome in many American homes. He allows divorce for only one reason, adultery, and refuses to sanction the re-marriage of the innocent party long after the divorce. It may be that views so radically retroactive are out of date, but there is a place yet for the eloquent plea, made by Dr. Adler, for unselfishness in the marriage contract. The wedding to him is not the joining of two young and romantic souls into perfect concord; but the union of two parts of Society into an establishment which shall perpetuate and benefit Society. "Marriage is pre-eminently a moral fellowship" is his cry. "Sacrifice on the part of parents for children is the rule, not the exception" is his fundamental principle. Therefore the mother must endure a drunken husband, the husband a frivo-

lous and foolish wife. They must live, both of them for the integrity of the family and the state. The two chapters of the little book are written in clear, incisive, scholarly English. The author's views are interesting, his eloquence inspiring. D. Appleton & Co.

The eight sketches or stories in E. Alexander Powell's "The Road to Glory" (Charles Scribner's Sons) tell, in a delightfully graphic and almost rollicking style, eight episodes in American history which are touched upon but lightly by the ordinary historian and are pretty nearly forgotten by most Americans. Yet they are veritable history—these stories of daring deeds—and even though we call the heroes of some of them mere adventurers or filibusters, the territory of the United States would be of far narrower proportions than it is today if they had not challenged fate with a gay heart and ridden forth dauntlessly into strange lands to meet unknown foes. The titles of the chapters are enticing: *Adventurers All; When We Smashed the Prophet's Power; The War That Wasn't a War; The Fight at Qualla Battoo; Under the Flag of the Lone Star; The Preacher Who Rode for an Empire; The March of the One Thousand; and When We Fought the Japanese.* How we came to acquire Louisiana, and Texas and Florida, how Yankee sailors fought the Malays, how Marcus Whitman rode into the wilderness to save Oregon to the nation, and how Commodore Perry fought the Japanese—these are some of the passages in our history upon which these graphic sketches throw light and the chief actors in which they bring vividly before the reader. There are four full-page illustrations.

It is a noble, manly and engaging face which looks up at the reader from the frontispiece of Charles Turley's "The Voyages of Captain Scott"

(Dodd, Mead & Co.) and it is a brave and noble career of which the story is told in the book. The record of the hardships and achievements of Captain Scott's two Antarctic expeditions will live long in the annals of Polar exploration, but, back of all this and perhaps even more enduring, is the memory of the man himself—large-hearted, brave, indomitable and self-sacrificing—disclosed in this story of courageous adventure. Mr. Turley has drawn his material for this volume largely from Captain Scott's own records, closing with the touching letters of farewell and of care for those left behind, which were found in November, 1912, in the tent in which Captain Scott and his companions died. Largely, therefore, this is an autobiography, supplemented by the personal recollections of those who knew him intimately, and prefaced by a warmly appreciative introduction by Sir James M. Barrie, in which are given some glimpses of the boyhood which developed into so noble a man. The book is illustrated with four colored plates, from water color drawings by Dr. Edward A. Wilson, who was a member of both expeditions and one of the comrades whose body was found with Scott's, and by a map and twenty or more full-page plates.

Wellesley College is still youthful, as colleges go, but she has a history and a long list of celebrities among her presidents, professors, and alumnae, and her founder, Henry Fowle Durant, ranks among the most memorable of American Evangelical Christians, and now her chronicles appear in a noteworthy volume, "*The Story of Wellesley*," written by Florence Converse, and illustrated with sixteen drawings by Norman William Black. What she does not have is a printed record of pranks, for none are here set down, and no report of any was given to the

young reporter who asked to be told of a few, when he called the morning after that fire, which began a new era for Wellesley, an era of improving upon her traditions. Miss Converse names her chapters *The Founder and His Ideals*, *The Presidents and Their Achievements*, *The Faculty and Their Methods*, *The Students at Work and at Play*, *The Fire: an Interlude*, and *The Loyal Alumnae*. This last chapter tells of the behavior of the graduates after the fire, and gives some of the really touching letters in which they expressed their feeling towards the beloved common mother of them all. An excellent index facilitates reference to the work which has been eagerly awaited ever since its first announcement. It is simply and agreeably written, and is printed in large type, and the illustrations include views of both old and new buildings; and of the east door and the long corridor after the fire. The frontispiece is a drawing of the chapel doorway. Little, Brown and Co.

Poets, dramatists, novelists, writers of all ages and schools, agree in regarding the husband as prone to absurdity, and, even in Holy Writ, he often cuts a ridiculous figure, so that Mr. Arnold Bennett can hardly be counted as original or censured as unjust although his latest Clayhanger story, "*These Twain*," barely allows Edwin, its chief figure, a single moment of perfect dignity. Upright, virtuous, kind, generous, he passes from one droll attitude to another, and although an excellent citizen, and meritorious kinsman, he could not be funnier if made by an American humorous journalist. As for his wife, she might have stepped from the series of pictures called "*Keeping up with the Joneses*," yet she is clever in womanly matters, and as Mr. Bennett's constant readers well know, she has suffered such experiences as

might have sobered a butterfly, but she remains superficially frivolous, with her soul absorbed in trifles. Does Mr. Bennett reflect life as it is, or does he mistake the accidental for the essential in allotting their proportionate space in his presentment of life? His aim is evidently to show the career of the married pair as it appears to each one of them, and few human creatures are wise enough to estimate their own precise value to the human race. They are scandalized by anything which makes any living creature uncomfortable, war, fire, blood, vivisection or the ten plagues of Egypt, but when the objectionable thing impinges upon their own life it is maranatha to them. Mr. Bennett makes his reader sympathize with this feeling, even while aware of its injustice, and he nicely distinguishes between the actuality and its conception in the mind of the individual. His method is his own, not De Foe's or Goldsmith's, or that of any other of his predecessors, and it is anything but French. In his 543 pages are perfectly worded passages of description; excellent analysis, varied conversation. In careful, skillful finish, he is like those conscientious artists who perfect each detail but subordinate all to general effect, until at last they arrive at something very near perfection. George H. Doran Co.

Readers who recall the rare quality of "Christopher" will take up Richard Pryce's new novel with expectations that will be fully realized. "David Penstephen" is the story, up to early manhood, of a sensitive, generous-hearted boy whose parents—well-born and prosperous, but under the influence of the mid-Victorian revolt against convention and dogma—have thought it their duty to dispense with the marriage ceremony. The period of David's childhood and his sister Georgina's is spent in what is practically flight over

the Continent—a winter in Florence, a month in Brussels, three months in Homburg—as their story pursues them on one spiteful tongue after another. The writer describes with great skill the effect on the quiet, observant, impressionable boy of these hurried shiftings of home, and of his elders' moods, the alternating indignation and gloom of his father, the growing sadness of his beloved mother, and the steadfast cheer and courage of Betsey, their faithful maid. An alarming illness of the mother leads the father to yield to her silent wish for their marriage, and the unexpected death of two cousins, soon after, brings him back to England a baronet. The difference of judgment which leads David's parents still to defer explaining his status to him, the hints of it which he gets during his school-days, and the final disclosure in the midst of Christmas theatricals at a country-house, are effectively portrayed. With an unusual variety in the succession of scenes, Mr. Pryce has succeeded in combining an extraordinary concentration of interest. David and his mother are people to be loved and cherished, and of the minor characters many will linger in the memory—Katinka, the German nurse-maid; Lady Penstephen, the widow of the former baronet, with her conscientious anxiety to have her world know that she "receives" David's mother, and her painstaking arrangements for the christening of his little brother; the old shopkeeper who introduces David to the theatre; Colonel and Mrs. Tarpalin, under whose roof the plot reaches its climax. Written in a style brilliant yet delicate, full of fascinating detail, fine, sweet and wholesome, the book has the realistic manner and the romantic spirit. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Oxford and the Church of England brought forth the "settlement" idea, and should be credited with the vast

benefit accruing from all such existing garden spots in the bad districts of great English and American cities; but their inner workings have never been better set forth than they are in Miss Lillian D. Wald's "The House on Henry Street." For twenty years Miss Wald and her friends have carried on a day and night struggle for the souls, minds, and bodies of the residents of their chosen field. Their chief had spent two years in a training school for nurses and had added some study at a medical college to the work done in the ward and private room, and she used her knowledge to give a course of instruction in home nursing, and this led to the establishment of a National Bureau devoted to the interests of children, to supervision of immigrants unable to speak the language of the country, and to the dissemination of knowledge to adults, from the police to the President. The latter responded cordially and promptly; the police, although not exactly unanimous, were more amenable to reason than in the days when they were ruled by the owners of bars. In 1908, the example set by Henry Street in giving instruction to exceptional children led to the creation of a separate department in the public schools, and 3,000 young New Yorkers are now under the care of teachers privileged to give them knowledge according to each child's special needs. These are only a few of the deeds done in Henry Street. The large illustrated volume in which are collected, with much added matter, Miss Wald's Atlantic papers of the same title has pictures showing the whole-souled enjoyment with which the colored children enjoy the swings, and games and dances provided for them in their special home and playground, one of the outgrowths of Henry Street. Letters from and by women who lead

their fellow-immigrants by virtue of brain power and learning, and by touchingly beautiful family groups further enrich the book. A multitude of anecdotes, each one fertile in suggestion, add to its value and interest, and it should be in every college library. Henry Holt & Co.

It is not necessary to agree with all the conclusions which Norman Angell reaches in his latest book "The World's Highway" (George H. Doran Co.) in order to appreciate the force with which he presents them. There is such a thing as mental unpreparedness, as well as military; and the problems which are certain to confront the United States in the near future are so novel and so large that it is time for intelligent Americans to begin to consider them. The most pressing of these, at the moment, is the protection of American lives and trading rights against belligerent Powers; but there are others which may at any moment become urgent—in connection with the Monroe Doctrine, intervention in Mexico, the Panama Canal, Japanese immigration, our relations with Germany, etc. Mr. Angell's prime concern is with our relation to sea power and the laws which govern it, but he looks beyond these to the service which, as the greatest neutral nation, we may have the opportunity to render to humanity and civilization at the conclusion of the present war, and to the consideration of possible pressure which—without the use of armed force—may be brought to bear, in the future, upon nations which are unduly aggressive. Mr. Angell's happy gift of lucid statement enables him to present the fruits of his study of these questions in a manner illuminating to the general reader.